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THE ELECTIONS.

THE election history of the last week, though it has shown as strongly as ever the depth and force of the reaction throughout the country against the enormous mismanagement of the late Government, has shown also the unwisdom of the shrill cries of triumph uttered when the battle was not half over by some whose allegiance to Conservatism is not of a quite unquestionable character. The Ides of March were not past then; they are not past now. But the day is sufficiently advanced to make it safe to say that Mr. GLADSTONE's name, by itself, is no longer a name to conjure with. The English boroughs, containing a constituency which, for combination of numbers, intelligence, education, political experience, property, and that connexion with property which skilled labour, even without capital, gives, is unrivalled in the world, provided Mr. GLADSTONE in 1880 with the whole, or more than the whole, of his great Parliamentary majority. They have now (with somewhat reduced returning power, it is true) put him in an actual minority of seven. The four or five millions of the population of London, containing voters of every class and an immense majority of the lower and lower middle class, have seated Conservatives to Liberals in the proportion of more than seven to five, and have not left the defeated party the cold comfort of alleging a majority of votes against a minority of seats. The other English boroughs have followed suit, though somewhat less decisively; and everywhere, even where the Liberals have saved their seats, the immense rise in the Conservative vote which was so noticeable in Birmingham, and which it is either childish or dishonest to attempt to account for by the Irish thunderstorm, is apparent. Even Mr. JOHN MORLEY, incomparably the ablest and most popular of the Radical candidates not of Cabinet rank, despite the solid Caucus vote, despite Mr. COWEN's heroic but rather unwise neglect of the ordinary arts of electioneering, was left behind the candidate who has offended against Mr. GLADSTONE, and himself narrowly escaped defeat by a Conservative.

These things speak for themselves, though not more eloquently than the frantic devices of the Liberals to avert their disasters in the boroughs, and their reckless efforts to repair them at any cost in the English counties and outside England. In all the annals of electioneering a more disgraceful trick is hardly recorded than the assertion—spread at Manchester not by irresponsible skits and anonymous posters, but by the most respectable newspapers of the place—that Lord FREDERICK HAMILTON and other Conservative candidates had been secretly foregathering with Mr. PARNELL. This, though false, was an assertion made exactly at the moment when it was impossible to contradict it in time. As for the extraordinary story about Lord SALISBURY's Dieppe residence which is attributed to Mr. LEONARD COURTNEY, one can only hope that Mr. COURTNEY for the first and only time in his life was attempting a joke, and that the joke savoured of his inexperience. These devices having failed in the boroughs, the Liberal party, or the party which inherits that historic name, turned to the amiable but politically mischievous pseudo-patriotism of Scotland, to the sectarian spite of a certain class of Welshmen, and to the ignorance and cupidity of the agricultural labourer, stimulated by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's bribes on the one hand, and his appeals to class hatred on the other, to get them out of their difficulty. These appeals have been made with an openness, a simplicity, an apparent uncon-

consciousness, which will be the wonder, when it is not the amusement, of the political historian of the future. No demagogue, no despot, ever made such a naked reference from PHILIP sober to PHILIP drunk as these representatives of a creed which has always professed to rest on argument only, to despise and reprobate prejudice, to look down with scorn on the petty feelings of class hatred, sect hatred, race hatred.

The county elections so far have unfortunately shown that these discreditable tactics are by no means unsuccessful. The Tories have little to lose in Scotland and Wales, and they have not only held that little, but gained more—the defeat of Mr. DICK PEDDIE, the standard-bearer of Scotch Disestablishment, being especially satisfactory in Scotland, as the defeat of Mr. CAINE, a representative of one of the silliest varieties of Radicalism, is in England. The Welsh counties and boroughs where seats have not been gained themselves show the rising tide of Conservatism which has been so noteworthy elsewhere, and some positive victories have been scored in the Principality. Even in Ireland the concentration of the entire forces of Mr. PARNELL against the Conservatives, and the treacherous connivance of some nominally loyal Liberals at his plans, has only resulted in the annihilation of the Irish Liberal party. But though the English counties have shown nothing like the sweep which was prophesied, much harm has been done. There were three districts in particular which were regarded with doubt, if not exactly fear, by those who have derived their knowledge, not from glib newspaper articles written to order in a fortnight's tour among the new voters, but from years of sojourning and wandering about England. These are the West country, East Anglia, and Yorkshire. The first two are the strongholds of the two great Liberal powers, Dissent and Ignorance, and it was known that they had been more unscrupulously worked by the agents of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN than any other districts. Yorkshire, even more largely increased than Lancashire in voting strength, has in its mining and manufacturing districts a class of inhabitants lower, not in native intelligence, but in information and political experience, than those of the neighbouring county. It is, moreover, to a great extent actuated by one of those odd weaknesses of human nature which count for so much in fact, though they ought to count for so little in reason. If Lancashire "went Liberal," Yorkshire would possibly "go Tory"; when Lancashire goes Tory, Yorkshire is almost certain to go Liberal. Again, these very districts, though the most dangerous, had been the most neglected. In the extreme East and the extreme West alike Conservative organization has been notoriously slack and ineffective, while the Yorkshire Conservatives, with some creditable exceptions, can show nothing like the army of distinguished and energetic workers who have made Lancashire a Tory stronghold as well as a stronghold of wealth and intelligence. These forebodings have been to too great an extent fulfilled. Seats, valuable not merely numerically, have been lost in Suffolk and Somersetshire, in Devonshire and Norfolk, while the West Riding has proved its rivalry to Lancashire, and its fidelity to Liberalism, by returning a considerable number of persons of whom nothing is known but their names. Nor are the Tory losses confined to these districts; and among the outlying disasters is one of the most serious, the defeat of Sir MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY. On the other hand, the home counties, whose real political weight far exceeds that of all

others, have been remarkably staunch; and the Liberal jubilation over the gross total is only justified by the foregoing conclusion of the not yet polled-out Scotch vote.

Nevertheless, unless the good sense of the remaining county districts displays itself in a very marked form, it is true that the Tories, though they have made up the immense leeway of the last Parliament, have not made it up so as to be able to deal with the solid Nationalist vote and the Liberal Opposition. This is a reason for straining every nerve to increase the strength of the Government in England, but it is a reason also for considering very seriously what is to come next. Of course, if the loud pretensions of Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers that their main wish for a majority was a wish to be able to confront Mr. PARNELL boldly had been sincere, there would be little danger. They would rally loyally to the Government in pursuance of this plan, and, unless reactionary measures were proposed, would abstain from partisan action. But the veriest child can never have been taken in by Mr. GLADSTONE's new-born zeal for the Empire, and the English borough elections were no sooner over than his followers at once dropped the mask. They have flatly declined beforehand to make any common cause against the enemy whom they have depicted in such alarming colours. "Liberal" measures can only be had from Liberal men" is, it seems, the curiously frank, if also curiously shameless, motto of the Liberals. It is even the motto of Mr. GLADSTONE's chuckle of triumph to his constituents—a chuckle as regardless of the future as that of some of his opponents last week. But he and his supporters appear to be agreed on the motto just formulated. In other words, they have improved upon the old refusal to prescribe unless called in. They say that the patient shall not take the prescription, however salutary, and however much after their own ideas, unless they get the fee. Mr. PARNELL but a week ago was an enemy to be fought to the last gasp; this week, it seems, he is an enemy who may work his will unless these patriotic, these devoted men are entrusted with place and power, with office and salary, in order to keep him at bay. "And what should I be the better of that?" says the plainspoken gaoler in *Guy Mannering*, when an appeal is made to him. The great Liberal party, unless these its spokesmen traduce it, is in exactly the same frame of mind as the humane Mr. McGuffog. This attitude for a patriotic party, a party which but the other day was making the most frenzied appeals to English patriotism, is certainly peculiar. But its frankness is perhaps commendable, and should certainly be useful to the Government, both in the elections which are yet to come and in the deliberations which must follow their close.

BURMAH.

THE collapse of THEEBAW's monarchy has been far more rapid than anybody had thought possible. When it was reported that the troops holding the forts opposite Ava had surrendered without resistance, and in obedience to an order from their KING, the war was felt to be as good as over. The confidence might have been premature, and it is not to be taken for granted that we have fired our last shot yet. When the legitimate ruler has disappeared the Dacoit of enterprising and patriotic character not uncommonly makes his appearance. With proper management, however, he can generally be brought to order by the police. For the present all organized opposition is over. The royal troops have disbanded, and have laid down their arms, the forts have been occupied, the war steamers seized or destroyed, and the KING himself is by this time a prisoner in British territory, where he will remain the pensioner of the State whose lumber-room, as HADJI BABA finely observed, is full of the thrones of kings. This revolution seems to have been effected with the entire approval of His Majesty's subjects. The Burmans may perhaps one day begin, like the fluent Baboo, to lament the times when the King of innumerable white elephants ruled in splendour over a loyal people, and their ancestors had not to enjoy law and prosperity at the price of obeying foreign masters. For the present they would seem to be heartily glad to be rid of a monarch who had just energy enough to commit an occasional massacre, but who could not keep his own servants in decent order and was never known to have cut off the head of the right person. Even the white elephant has failed the dynasty of ALOMPRA. Foreign Correspondents have looked on the *arcana imperii*, and they find the sacred palaces tawdry and

the sacred beast black. He has two poor little white spots, and nothing more.

At the stage things have reached it is not premature to review the whole expedition as a completely finished piece of work. There not only may but probably will be more fighting to do. When the Dacoits have appeared and disappeared in the natural "course of things," it will be wonderful if the frontier tribes do not give trouble. The Shans must be very unlike other barbarians if they take kindly to the neighbourhood of a strong Power which will punish raiding. Before long, too, there will be a tempting amount of plunder passing on the road to China. These, however, will be the difficulties of administration, and not of conquest. Upper Burmah has been occupied, and most thoroughly. No expedition ever undertaken by this country, whether from home or from one of its dependencies, has ever been more swiftly or completely successful than this. Compared with some of its immediate predecessors it scarcely seems to be the work of the same State. No doubt it was purely a matter of accident that it came to be done under an Administration which had not directed the Boer War, the Afghan frontier dispute, the Suakim and Nile expeditions. It is open to anybody to believe, and in these days, when a certain Biblical curse seems to be in process of being fulfilled, belief will be easy for many, that General PRENDERGAST would have found his way to Mandalay with equal rapidity if the Ministry of all the virtues had never ridden for a fall. The contrast between the undertakings mentioned above and this one is none the less striking. The great necessities in war, as good authorities have decided, are an object and a plan. From Majuba Hill to the roamings of the River Column these two things have been conspicuously wanting in our little wars. They have not only been absent, but it never was possible for the generals to get them. TURENNE himself could not have produced either under a Government which would not tell him where it was prepared to let him go, and which, as far as merely human observation can discover, had a different intention itself every day in the week. With the changes at Whitehall has come a very different way of conducting wars, and it is at least a plausible opinion that the one had had something to do with the other. General PRENDERGAST has been given a definite object and allowed to carry out his plan. We have already commented with due emphasis, and for the purpose of giving well-deserved praise, on the rapidity with which the troops were put into the field. It is encouraging to know that there is one part of our complex military organization which is not liable to be found "wanting in everything at the critical moment," like the Spanish armies abused by the Duke of WELLINGTON. The Burmese expeditionary force was collected quietly, it was not found necessary to run up and down in search of a commander, the troops were sent silently and quickly to the scene of operations, and they have been so thoroughly well equipped that there has been no hitch whatever. If there have been any secret lets and hindrances, they have been corrected secretly. This rapidity has perhaps had something to do with the fact that the War Correspondent has been nearly absent from the scene; and really we do not know that anybody has been the worse for the want of him. Certainly the operations have not suffered because none of these infallible advisers were at hand to correct the innumerable blunders which are discovered by their critical eyes. Many things have doubtless contributed to smooth the way for General PRENDERGAST. The stupidity of the KING and his unpopularity have caused the defence to be more languid than it need have been, but the suddenness of the General's advance has unquestionably had quite as much to do with his easy success as any of the other assignable causes. It is a truism, but one which is continually neglected at home, that swift operations of this kind are only possible with armies which are honestly administered on the understanding that they are really to fight, and not to be kept as a show.

The settlement of Upper Burmah must now be made at an early date. Whatever course the Indian Government decides to take, it cannot be left in doubt much longer. The appointment of Colonel SLADEN as temporary administrator is, of course, no distinct proof of the VICEROY's intentions. Some such step must have been taken as a matter of course; but that an officer of standing who possesses a peculiarly good knowledge of Burmah should have been sent with the expedition and put in command at once is perhaps a sign that it has been decided to take the only course which will prove satisfactory in the long run and

annex Upper Burmah altogether. Under one disguise or another annexation must be the result of this expedition, and there is no appearance of anything in the state of native feeling which makes it necessary to set up such a costly sham as a protectorate. With the work of settling one frontier State which has been forced upon us by the folly of its rulers on our hands, it is impossible not to look upon the last news from Nepal as a warning. The Himalayan kingdom has contrived to get along in quiet since the massacre which followed close on the death of JUNG BAHADUR. It has escaped the anarchy which in the East commonly follows the death of a vigorous administrator for an exceptionally long period. Now, however, it would seem that the various candidates for the post of Prime Minister which JUNG BAHADUR had made hereditary in his family are out of patience, and will wait no longer. The late change of Ministry, managed in the usual Nepalese way, has been carried out thoroughly for the moment. It does lead to a certain thoroughness when a Prime Minister has to get into office by murdering his predecessor like M. RENAN's priest of Nemi. The drawback to the practice is that it commonly leads to civil war. In the case of Nepal, from which we draw the Goorkha regiments, these wars are sure to be sanguinary if they once begin, and their result is certain. Sooner or later a British army may again have to pass the Terai and occupy Khatmandu. There is, however, no likelihood that the occupation will have to be made for some time. The present ins took care to wait for the absence of the English Resident before they shot their predecessors, which shows a certain respect for British authority. As long as that exists, the VICEROY will probably not advise interference with a well-established custom of the country. Nepal is not the doorway for any possible invader of India; and, as long as the country is peaceful, Lord DUFFERIN will not consider the murder of a premier or two any reason why he should turn from the pleasing task of rewarding Scindiah by the restoration of Gwalior or the immediate work of settling Burmah.

SPAIN.

THE most conspicuous or most notorious of Spanish subjects survived the young KING only by a day. The death of ALFONSO XII. bodes ill for the future of Spain. The career of Marshal SERRANO coincided for forty years with the inglorious history of his country. A biographer writing in the *Times* has taken the trouble to enumerate the political changes to which SERRANO was a party. It seems that he witnessed, almost always as an active participant in successive movements, the formation of eighty-four Administrations, the outbreak of forty rebellions, and twelve changes in the tenure of supreme power in the State. On several occasions Constituent Cortes were entrusted with the duty of reorganizing the institutions of the country on a democratic basis; and it may be remembered that English Radicals sometimes affected to envy the liberties which were enjoyed under some ephemeral Monarchy or Republic. Freedom of person, of public meeting, or of the press, was established by fundamental laws, and further secured by the public declarations and oaths of SERRANO or some rival adventurer who represented the latest revolution. In every case the experiment failed after a short trial, and the Government was superseded or dissolved by some mutinous military chief. For some reason which has not been fully explained representative government, though it has nominally existed for two or three generations, has never taken root in Spain. Every Minister can at a dissolution command a docile majority; and until lately fundamental changes have been more often accomplished by ambitious generals than by statesmen, or even by demagogues. The chief advantage of the revival of the Monarchy, independently of the personal qualities of the KING, was that the dynasty promised to be permanent. The last change in the form of government was effected, like the rest, by a military rebellion; but since the restoration of the BOURBON sovereign by MARTINEZ CAMPOS, ALFONSO XII. had already reigned for eleven years; and there was reason to hope that the era of mutinous conspiracies was becoming obsolete. SERRANO's latest attempt to recover power consisted in the organization of a Parliamentary party under the familiar name of the "Liberal Union."

Although he generally contrived to float on the surface of the political current, SERRANO attained no high distinction as a soldier or statesman. He first emerged from the crowd of candidates for power as the favourite of the Queen whom he afterwards helped to dethrone. A steady devotion to his own interests and a capacity for intrigue enabled him to maintain, with occasional interruption, the ascendancy which he originally owed to the grace of his person and his manners. His scanty laurels were all won in civil war, and in military ability he was inferior to PRIM and O'DONNELL, if not to NARVAEZ and ESPARTEIRO. He earned his dukedom, when he was Captain-General of Cuba, by the nominal annexation to Spain of the Republic, once the Colony, of San Domingo. When it appeared that the reconquest could only be accomplished at the cost of a troublesome war, the disappointment probably affected O'DONNELL more deeply than his lieutenant. It was well for Spain that the enterprise was abandoned before the close of the American Civil War. The MONROE doctrine would otherwise have been vindicated in San Domingo as in Mexico, especially as General GRANT himself entertained a design of annexing the Spanish part of the island to the United States. After the death of O'DONNELL and NARVAEZ, SERRANO formed a political alliance with PRIM, and both chiefs shared the resentment which the whole nation felt at the miserable Palace scandals from which SERRANO had long been dissociated. GONZALES BRAVO, who erroneously thought that a civilian could govern Spain by corruption without dependence on the army, sentenced the two military chiefs to banishment; but Admiral TOPETE, who died two or three weeks ago, declared against the Court on behalf of the fleet at Cadiz. SERRANO and PRIM were recalled and took the lead of the insurrection, and SERRANO obtained an easy victory over the part of the army which still adhered to the cause of the Queen. Having dethroned ISABELLA II., the victorious chiefs declared their purpose of maintaining a Monarchy, and, as they were not provided with a candidate for the Crown, SERRANO caused the Cortes to declare him Regent of the Kingdom, while PRIM as Minister practically conducted the Government. Admiral TOPETE's scheme of placing the Duke of MONTPENSIER on the vacant throne had been already overruled by his colleagues.

The Queen had been dethroned at the beginning of 1869, and the rest of the year was occupied with schemes and negotiations for providing a successor. The choice of the Duke of GENOA met with impediments; and a plan for uniting the Peninsula by the election of the Crown Prince of Portugal also proved abortive. In the summer of 1870 PRIM unintentionally caused the rupture between France and Germany by his offer of the Spanish Crown to Prince LEOPOLD of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. At last AMADEUS, Duke of Aosta, and second son of VICTOR EMMANUEL, accepted PRIM's offer of the succession; and the choice was of course sanctioned by the Cortes. Unfortunately, at the very moment when the new King landed in Spain, PRIM was killed by an assassin, and SERRANO, after resigning his office of Regent, made no loyal effort to support the sovereign for whose election he was responsible. He commanded the troops engaged in a contest with the Carlists of the North, and he afterwards returned for a time to the post of Minister; but he had been succeeded by ZORRILLA when AMADEUS abdicated, and returned to Italy. After the consequent proclamation of a Republic, SERRANO had some difficulty in escaping from the rabble of Madrid. After a few months of despotic government, conducted by CASTELAR as President of the Republic, General PAVIA, amid universal satisfaction, turned the Government and the Cortes out of doors; and SERRANO once more became chief of the Executive Government, though not with his former title of Regent. At the beginning of 1872, while he was again commanding the army of the North, he heard of the restoration of ALFONSO XII. by MARTINEZ CAMPOS. After a short retirement from Spain, SERRANO offered his adherence to the KING, and since that time, though he was still leader of a party, he had not returned to office. The survival of factious tendencies is exemplified in the demand of SERRANO and the Liberal Union for the re-enactment of the impracticable Constitution of 1868.

It may be hoped that such a career as that of SERRANO can never be repeated in Spain; but the strange vicissitudes of his fortune probably indicate no extraordinary want of principle. A patriotic and resolute king, reigning by a title independent of popular caprice, would have furnished the best security against the repetition of a series of ignoble revolutions. ALFONSO XII. had already

shown sound judgment and firmness of purpose; and his independence of character had been unwillingly recognized by Ministers of doubtful fidelity; but his primary merit consisted, if an old sarcasm may be used for a novel purpose, in his "having taken the trouble to be born." Hereditary right seems in Spain, if not in all other countries, to be the indispensable condition of permanent order. During the troubles of a long minority which followed the death of FERDINAND VII., the title of the infant Queen was never seriously disputed except by a Legitimist Pretender; and the subsequent crimes and follies of her reign tried the patience of her subjects for many years before they were prepared to acquiesce in her dethronement. The accession of her son, then a boy of seventeen, needed only to be proclaimed by a general of division to be accepted by the army and the nation, though nothing was known of the new KING's personal qualities. The short-lived Republic, and the more respectable dictatorship of CASTILLO, were then fresh in the popular memory, and the judgment of statesmen confirmed the natural sentiment of preference for the heir of a long-established dynasty.

The QUEEN-REGENT on whom the Royal authority devolves will be necessarily dependent on the loyalty and patriotism of her advisers. SEÑOR CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO has done her a service by resigning office in favour of SAGASTA, who is a principal Parliamentary leader, and the recognized chief of the so-called Liberal party. In the first days of the interregnum, rival politicians concur in professions of goodwill to the new Government; but the jealousies of civil and military aspirants to power will soon disclose themselves. The most serious danger which immediately threatens the established order is likely to arise from Republican intrigues. ZORRILLA, who once competed with SAGASTA for the control of the Cortes, has now become a Republican and a conspirator; and it is supposed that he has for some time past been prepared to take advantage of the catastrophe which has now occurred. For some reason which has not been explained, SEÑOR CANOVAS and his colleagues concealed the condition of the KING's health long after they knew that his recovery was unlikely or impossible. Such secrets are always known to those whom it is desired to keep in ignorance, and it is not improbable that ZORRILLA may have profited by his knowledge of the facts. On the other hand, rumours of events which are intrinsically probable have often no foundation in fact. It is not at present certain whether ZORRILLA has left London, or where, if at all, he is preparing insurrection. It is said with much probability that CASTELAR, who is more trusted than ZORRILLA by the pure Republicans, has announced his intention of keeping aloof from plots or military enterprises. He will naturally use opportunities which may arise for the promotion of a Republic. The Monarchy is now less secure than when PRIM and SERRANO were seeking in vain for a king.

HOME RULE FOR ENGLAND.

IN the really good old English times, as Sir CHARLES DILKE knows, England at least enjoyed Home Rule. We might be harried by the Danes, but we had made (especially if Professor FREEMAN is right) a pretty clean sweep of the Celts. The vengeance of the Gael, as Mr. PARNELL puts it, was out of the question; for the Gael was having a really pleasant time at home in an island where saints were as common as frogs were rare, and where landlords were massacred at convenient intervals. He had Home Rule and we had Home Rule, and the Scotch vote was as unknown as the Iroquois League to our happy England. Happy days! what a pity, as Sir CHARLES DILKE justly holds, that they ever ended! Good days, and evil days, and all days pass away; but, as Sir CHARLES very properly maintains, the Norman Conquest was at the bottom of the trouble. We do not think that the member for Chelsea (and Kensal Town) has ever stated this branch of the subject which he has made his own. It was the Normans, no mistake about it, who prevented England from enjoying her old privilege of Home Rule, and who made us serfs of Irish kerns and Scotch "Radical bodies."

If it had not been for the Norman Conquest (to demonstrate this interesting point) England would certainly never have gone filibustering in Erin, and, in all human probability, would have left the Scotch to their own devices. St. JEROME says they were cannibals; but that is no affair

of ours—quite the reverse. If our Norman kings had only let them alone, and not insisted on introducing the blessings of civilization, why, by this time the Scotch might have eaten each other up. Mr. GLADSTONE will appreciate our argument, for it is backed by the authority of a Father of the Church. St. JEROME says the Scotch were cannibals, so that must be true; and we have all heard of SAWNY BEAN, who continued the practice into quite recent times. Very well; it was Normans, like BRUCE, who gave the Scotch civilization—what they had of it—and a central government. Consequently the Normans checked the Caledonian propensity to dine on each other, a propensity which (unchecked) would not have left a single voter between Cape Wrath and the Tweed. It is notoriously to these voters, to Solid Scotland, that the Liberals owe the more part of their electoral successes. Therefore we, the dethroned and degraded English, have no Home Rule, but are governed by the Scotch. "We perish" by the people that we made," like King ARTHUR. This, like private property in land, central government, and the rest of our woes, is due to the Norman Conquest, without which the English would have left the Scotch sternly alone to their own devices. The case in Ireland is similar. We don't want some eighty Nationalists to hold their secret councils in Westminster. We don't want Mr. PARNELL, we don't want Mr. CALLAN, though of the two we greatly prefer that genial rebel. It is all the fault of the Normans. Early England would no more have dreamed of annexing Ireland than of annexing Burmah. It was the Normans who began it; they conquered Ireland, and did not conquer it well. Had they left the island alone, the islanders would long ago have destroyed each other in a series of internecine feuds. The land would have been left vacant, at prairie value.

What is the obvious corollary from these historical associations? Clearly that we must have Home Rule for England again. No Celts need apply. The Welsh vote, the Irish vote, the Scotch vote deducted would leave England to manage her own affairs. Not even the cow would lead Mr. GLADSTONE, as the cow led the people of CADMUS, to a Cadmeian victory. Home Rule for England, then, should be our cry—a very good cry, and a pity 'tis that no one thought of it sooner. Uninfluenced by English civilization, the Irish and Scotch will soon devour each other. The Radical wolf has already preyed on the Liberal wolf in Scotland, much to the public good. The two, when we have Home Rule and they have Home Rule, will eat each other up. In Ireland, left to herself, every hamlet will produce her CALLAN, and Mr. CALLAN's friends are already calling Mr. PARNELL by the rudest names. England, home-ruled, will once more be free, respected, and all that she would have been but for the Norman Conquest.

THE BALKANS AND THE NILE.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Bulgaria, having followed up his very creditable repulse of his fellow-brigands the Servians, has been met with a "Thus far and no farther" by Austrian emissaries. If he is a sensible prince, he must be very much obliged to them. For it is quite clear that pushing his advantages could only bring the ethnomanics who are at present ecstatic over his victories into a very different frame of mind. It was horrible of the Servia of DUSHAN to interfere with the Bulgaria of SAMUEL; but rigid historians would be the first to admit that the Bulgaria of SAMUEL must not meddle with the Servia of DUSHAN. To those to whom these respectable Royalties are both as the figures which are in process of refurbishment at Madame TUSSAUD's, Prince ALEXANDER's victory is only disquieting, or indeed interesting, inasmuch as it may affect the peace of Europe; and the action of Austria is for the moment favourable to the preservation of that peace. Turkey has never been, and, unless egged on in some underhand manner, will not be, averse to a peaceable settlement of the East-Roumelian difficulty; Prince ALEXANDER's finances are not such as to make him indifferent to an indemnity; and the success of the Servians in all their recent wars is not likely to make them really anxious for more fighting. There remains, indeed, the Greek quantity in the equation, and those Greeks who persuade themselves that they are in some rather incomprehensible way sons of MILTIADES and CIMON will doubtless wish to show that they are as much the superior of the subjects of the lamented SAMUEL as the subjects of the lamented SAMUEL are the superiors of

the subjects of the eminent DUSHAN. When men begin by assuring the world that their grandsires drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, they are naturally impatient at the grandson of anybody else sending an arrow with decent precision anywhere. It will be a happy day when united Europe, weary of this antiquarian dotage, puts an end to it once for all.

But it is evident that for the present the end is not yet. European mankind at large is disposed to pick a nominal quarrel with England for very obvious reasons. England is at the moment hopelessly occupied with her own internal affairs, and it is still by no means certain how these internal affairs will declare themselves. The game of the very intelligent and quite unscrupulous politicians who direct the affairs of Europe is, therefore, clear. They pick no official quarrel; and, if Lord SALISBURY continues in power, they will have no difficulty in dealing with him on the footing of equals who are not responsible for newspaper grumbles. If Mr. GLADSTONE should come in, they know that the grumbles will afford him an opportunity, such as his soul longs for, of throwing up once more the interests of the country, and blaming his predecessors for what they have not done. With a politician like Mr. GLADSTONE, the enemies of England have always a card to play, for they can count on weakness in office and factious opposition out of it. Taking the estimate of him ostensibly entertained by his own partisans, the country ought not to object to paying any price for the possession of so great a man. Taking the estimate really entertained by all men of sense, there is no doubt whatever that the country does pay a price, and a heavy one.

But the outlook in the European East is not the only one which, when viewed, should dispose Englishmen to sink all minor differences and vote as one man against a return to power of the disastrous Government of 1880-1885. It is evident that there is at least a possibility of serious troubles in Egypt. It must be remembered (for the limitless impudence of Radical misstatement has not hesitated even to put down the evacuation of the Soudan to the Tories) that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government, when it made its famous strategic movement on the Budget, and when the postal and telegraphic system was so inexplicably disarranged, left no choice to its successors between completing the almost completed retirement from Nubia and undertaking a fresh expedition at the very worst time of the year. Between these alternatives there could be no hesitation, and the backward movement was continued, checked, and guarded as far as possible, but not entirely changed for a forward one. Since then there have been rumours of such a fresh advance on the part of the MAHDI's followers as might be expected from a brave and barbarous people convinced that their enemies have fled before them. Had the two useless Souakim expeditions which Mr. GLADSTONE directed at the cost of so much blood and so much money been pushed to their natural conclusion, such an advance would have been impossible; or, at the worst, intelligence of its nature and extent would have been forthcoming long before the invasion could approach the Egyptian frontier. But, like nearly everything else undertaken by the late Government, these expeditions were an entire failure, and, save for a very short space above Wady Halfa, the Soudan is a district where attempts against Egypt can be arranged with impunity and carried out a long way towards success without the possibility of interference. It is absolutely impossible to tell how far the skirmishes recently reported (which have seemed considerable enough to the military authorities on the spot to justify a movement of troops southwards) are likely to be very serious. But it is obviously on the cards that a harassing frontier war at least, and perhaps something worse, may have to be waged for the defence of Egypt, as a direct consequence of the conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government, as well in reference to the English occupation of the Lower Nile as to the recovery and making good of the Upper.

Once more, then, it must be asked, are Englishmen prepared to recommit to the hands which have so disgracefully bungled it the conduct of English interests in two difficult and important affairs like those of Roumelia and of Egypt? The obvious moral of the Burmese expedition, not of course to be pushed too far, is dealt with elsewhere. Every intelligent Englishman has before him in the diplomatic and military conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government during the last five years abundant evidence of the most unexceptionable kind on which to form a judgment as to their capacity of meeting such difficulties as those which are impending on the

Danube as well as on the Nile. They have given their proofs, they have shown what they can do with an enormous Parliamentary majority, with an Opposition perfectly ready to support them in any step for which the interest and honour of the country could be alleged, with unlimited supplies of money, with no civilized opponent to meet. They fought three campaigns in Egypt with ever-increasing cost and disaster; are they likely to fight a fourth cheaply and well? They were worsted in a European Conference on a matter very distantly affecting the interests of any European Power but one, and that a Power which dare not for its life go to war. Are they likely to get the best in another Conference affecting a matter which concerns the most dearly-cherished designs and interests of the three great military Powers of the Continent? An amiable master has been known to move an incompetent servant from a hard post to a less difficult one. Is it amiability or folly to replace such a servant in the very position in which he has failed when that position has been complicated and made more difficult by new and alarming circumstances? On the other hand, the record of the present Government for diplomatic conduct is unusually good. Its principal member concluded the last great settlement of European differences—a settlement which has at least held good as well as Mr. GLADSTONE's surrender of 1871. It has just won purely diplomatic successes in Egypt and in Central Asia, and a military success in Burmah of a thoroughly workmanlike, if not an extraordinarily brilliant, kind. Everything which it has had to do it has done firmly, thoroughly, and well. Merely to write those adverbs, and then to write the substantives Majuba, Gordon, Penjdeh, ought to be a sufficient contrast.

ETON BUILDINGS.

WE have called attention to the danger which a few weeks ago seemed to threaten some of the most treasured beauties and associations of Eton. Representations from other quarters, public and private, have not been wanting; and there is good reason to think that they have, in principle, and by some at least of the members of the Governing Body, been by no means unfavourably received. It would be as invidious as useless to discuss whether the alarm was groundless, the representations superfluous. The appearances were, at all events, alarming to persons well qualified to interpret them, and expressions of loyalty to Eton and its memorials, even if dictated by exceeding zeal and abundant caution, are in no case to be regretted. What is now material, is that (as we understand on good authority) something, indeed, has to be done to meet ascertained requirements; but the manner and extent of it are not irrevocably decided, and will not be decided save on full and mature advisement, wherein regard will be had to all that has been, or may be, urged on the score of architectural beauty and fitness or historical association. No less, indeed, might justly be expected from a body so constituted and tempered as the Governing Body of Eton; and we trust that before long we may be in possession of public and authentic assurance to the effect we have indicated.

Speaking, meanwhile, simply for ourselves, we would say that a rational conservatism will aim at securing the really vital points. In some things there must be compromise; in some, perhaps, a distinct loss must be faced. We cannot both keep Eton as a living public school and put every brick and stone of it under a glass case. But one or two things ought, we submit, to be kept almost at any cost. First of these we place that admirably picturesque setting of the entrance to the Playing Fields formed by the house once known as STEEVENS'S. This is an integral part of Eton to all who know it, even to all who see it for the first time, if they have eyes to see. Next comes the structure and disposition of Upper School, a building full of character, history, and tradition; and then we plead for the preservation of the Head Master's house to such an extent as may save its historical continuity, and avoid the defacement of Weston's Yard by some incongruous and domineering pile of modern walls. These objects, we believe, can be secured if it is once laid down that they are fundamental. To work out a plan of construction and rearrangement with these as fixed conditions is an affair of skill and patience. As to the Boys' Library, we should be sorry, within bounds of reason, for its disappearance; but it stands exactly where space is, according to those who

ought to know best, most urgently wanted. It is not ancient, and, though a good piece of modern work, is not exquisite or unique. We cannot affect to join in a cry of sacrilege on its behalf; we must leave its fate to the balance of convenience, content if things of greater moment can be wholly or substantially preserved.

AMERICA.

THE death of the Vice-President of the United States has no political importance, except in a possible contingency. There is something anomalous in the position of a dignitary who may at any moment exchange an almost sinecure office for the great powers which are vested in the President. Even as President of the Senate, the Vice-President has no vote except in the case of an equal division. Every Senator, and every member of Congress, has a larger share of the government of the United States than the second person in the Republic. The consequence is that personal fitness is seldom considered in the choice of a Vice-President, and that the disposal of the office is arranged with exclusive reference to the main contest for the Presidency. A powerful State, or a formidable section of the dominant party, is consoled for its disappointment in not returning its chosen candidate for the Presidency by the recognition of its claim to the inferior office. If the President survives the election for a little more than four years, his nominal subordinate, not having become his successor, exercises no influence on domestic or foreign policy. It happens that the number of Presidents who have died during their term of office has been remarkably large. VAN BUREN, TYLER, FILMORE, ANDREW JOHNSON, and General ARTHUR have all succeeded to an office for which they had not been intentionally appointed. Some of these have taken advantage of their accidental elevation to seek re-election by asserting an independent policy of their own, and by cultivating the favour of a party. General ARTHUR seemed at one time to have a chance of the Republican nomination in 1884; but his prospects would, perhaps, have been more favourable if he had remained up to the date of the contest in a private station. ANDREW JOHNSON, who had been chosen as Vice-President notwithstanding his notorious unfitness for high office, attempted to make himself a revolutionary leader, and narrowly escaped impeachment. In ordinary cases the succession of a Vice-President involves no public danger, but it is justly regarded as an untoward event.

The sensitiveness with which even a remote risk of such a casualty is regarded has received a curious illustration on the present occasion. Mr. CLEVELAND is in the full vigour of life, he is not known to be an invalid, and, if he resembles the average American, he must be comparatively indifferent to the discomforts of travel; yet his intention of attending the funeral of Mr. HENDRICKS has been overruled by the advice of his Ministers and friends. The long journey from Washington to Indianapolis in the dead of winter involves a calculable danger to health; and it is thought better that the President should not expose himself to cold and fatigue for a merely ceremonial purpose. If a vacancy should occur at this moment, as there is no President of the Senate, the provisional succession would devolve on the Speaker of the House of Representatives. It would become the duty of the SECRETARY OF STATE to notify the vacancy to the Executive of every State; and a new election would then immediately take place. No instance has yet occurred in which both the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency have been vacant at the same time. A curious doubt might have arisen if General ARTHUR had claimed the Presidency during the long illness of General GARFIELD. His delicacy and sound judgment averted the risk of a puzzling question whether a President once superseded could resume office on the termination of his disability. There seems to be no provision in the Constitution for the election of a Vice-President when the office becomes vacant. Apparently the Senate in its next session will have to elect a President of its own body, who will become by virtue of his office Vice-President of the Republic. Such a functionary would, as has been already stated, only hold office as President, if there were a vacancy, until a regular election could be held.

Mr. HENDRICKS, having no official opportunity of acquiring distinction, not long since thought fit to preside at a meeting of Irish patriots held to denounce the union with England. His object was probably to acquire credit

with his party by rallying the Irish voters to the cause of the Democrats. He had otherwise shown his loyalty, if such a term may be used, to the faction which elected him by opposing to the extent of his power Civil Service reform. That an American politician on either side should doubt the possibility of carrying on the government without the resource of patronage is perfectly intelligible. Sir HENRY MAINE, in his latest work, quotes a doubt expressed by ALEXANDER HAMILTON whether the English Constitution could be maintained if the corrupt practices which prevailed in his time were totally abolished. His apprehensions have thus far not been fully justified by experience, and the United States will probably discover some practicable substitute for the long-established appropriation of the spoils by the victors. It nevertheless is possible that comparatively honest politicians may believe that a system which has existed for two or three generations is still indispensable. Mr. CLEVELAND is evidently sincere in his efforts to render the Civil Service independent, and consequently to deprive political managers of the means of corruption. It is because he had as Governor of New York steadily pursued the same course that the Independent Republicans supported his candidature in opposition to Mr. BLAINE. Mr. HENDRICKS was elected as Vice-President, not as a reformer, but because he represented the Democratic party, which recognized but coldly the special claims of Mr. CLEVELAND. If, unfortunately, Mr. HENDRICKS had succeeded to the Presidency, he would probably have discountenanced the gradual purification of the Civil Service. As long as he was Vice-President he could only interfere in political controversies as a private partisan.

The interference of American politicians in the domestic policy of the United Kingdom is not a little perverse and irritating. They profess not yet to have forgotten the supposed good will which may have been exhibited to the Confederacy four or five and twenty years ago; but no considerable English party openly advocated the disruption of the Union. At the beginning of the struggle English feeling was almost unanimously on the side of the North, and it was afterwards partially alienated by the ostentatious animosity of the Federal party to a country which remained strictly neutral. Almost all Englishmen of the present day admit that the Americans, whatever might be the constitutional merits of the Southern cause, were morally justified in maintaining the Union by arms; yet the independence of Ireland would be a far heavier blow to England than the success of the Secession could have been to America. The United States have assuredly no interest in promoting disruption on this side the Atlantic, and it is a notorious fact that the encouragement of Irish sedition is exclusively suggested by party interests. The Irish vote is valuable, especially to the Democratic party, and it is most easily secured by demonstrations of hostility to England, which have not even the questionable merit of being sincere. Mr. HENDRICKS, though his office was merely honorary, ought to have felt that he was precluded by his position from the use of vulgar electioneering devices. The followers of Mr. PARNELL, when they found that their policy was approved by the Vice-President of the United States, probably thought that his approval gave high official sanction to rebellion and treason.

The passing interest which has been aroused by the death of the Vice-President scarcely disturbs the habitual tranquillity with which American affairs are regarded in Europe. The country which furnishes not even a subject for current discussion enjoys the proverbial happiness of having no history. It is not known that any serious controversy is at present presented in the United States, for the Free-trade League has no hope of immediate or early success, and the grievances of the Southern States seem to have subsided into unbroken calm. Traders are more directly interested than politicians in the rumoured revival of manufactures and commerce. Notwithstanding the extravagances of the American tariff, an increased demand for iron and for other commodities produces a favourable effect on English markets. It is not absolutely certain that a more liberal policy on the part of the United States would be favourable to English competitors for custom. Within the Union the wave of prosperity is likely to spread. One of the reasons which render a protective system not wholly intolerable in America is that perfect Free-trade exists from the Canadian border to the frontier of Mexico. In that wide region all men are at liberty without artificial restrictions to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest. It was well

for the future of the Republic that its founders prohibited the establishment of Customs duties to be levied by the several States. There can be nothing in the Union which even remotely resembles the exclusive system which prevailed among the provinces of France before the reforms of TURGOR. The great advantage which is derived from freedom of trade over a vast area supplies the Free-traders with an argument against Protection; but it operates more effectively in the opposite direction as an alleviation of the evil consequences of a perverse external tariff. The resources of the country are so great that it can afford to perpetrate economical blunders which might be ruinous to a smaller and poorer community. The Protectionists cannot prevent the overflow of indigenous prosperity from reaching foreign shores.

ELECTORS IN THE STREET.

THE electors of England are a folk of whom it is impossible to know much at first hand. For every one who happens not to have an extensive acquaintance among the population of the Osgoldcross division of the East West Riding of Yorkshire, that constituency means so many Liberal and so many Conservative votes once every few years, and nothing more. But why they voted so there is little or no general inquiry. It may have been GORDON, or it may have been Fair-trade, or somebody may have presented Osgoldcross with a cross—which is believed on good authority not to be a corrupt practice as long as it is done before the nomination day. Therefore any one who does not mind being jostled for a short time by a promiscuous assortment of those of his masters who take most interest in politics, may learn something of the nature of the common elector as he appears when not being canvassed or preached to, but mentally standing at ease with no reason for concealing his actual sentiments. Such an opportunity is afforded by the crowds which gather outside the newspaper offices with large windows giving on main thoroughfares, at the time of day when a fresh return from some constituency is being telegraphed every few minutes.

The persons of whom these crowds are composed are essentially democratic, and for the most part unwashed. They are of all ages, though of only one sex. A certain number produce crumpled lists of constituencies and candidates from their pockets, some cut out of newspapers, and some carefully prepared in manuscript. These they carefully note up, as the different announcements follow each other in the window, counting meanwhile the numbers of each party that have been returned. The only thing they all have in common is a tolerably keen interest in the struggle, of which the written placards are to them the ultimate expression, and they appear to consider it in the light of a pleasantly protracted autumn handicap. The posting of each placard produces a volley of cheers and groans; but the temper of the London loafer at the present moment is decidedly Conservative, and inasmuch as cheering makes more noise than hooting, and a great deal more than hissing, it is the Conservative victories that produce the most boisterous outbursts. This tendency is recognized by the conductors of omnibuses, who, finding their way impeded by the loiterers, naturally wish to revenge themselves by making offensive remarks from the fugitive elevation of their steps. "The Liberals are sure to get in," cried one of them the other day, and when the defiant hoot which he evoked had died away, added sardonically, "A grand old man is 'WILLIAM!' with which Parthian shot he glided out of hearing of the howls of his bigoted audience.

Except for amusements such as this, the intervals of waiting are exclusively occupied by political conversation, generally sympathetic but occasionally argumentative. Mr. PARNELL does not seem to arouse in the mind of the street elector any of the somewhat exaggerated terror which he inspires in many people who ought to know better. Indeed he would, perhaps, be hardly pleased to know how inadequately he and his pretensions are realized in some instances. "These Parnellites," says one seedy man to another—"are they the same as what they used to call 'Ome Rulers!'" and being informed that they are, he proceeds without any animosity to express his readiness to "give the Irish 'Ome Rule, and let them set to work 'fighting each other.'" His more ambitious or more conscientious companion shakes his head at this. "We must 'keep them,'" he says thoughtfully, "and educate them." But to whom he would entrust the noble task, or how

he would carry it out, does not appear. Occasionally the Conservative and the Liberal meet in the clash of argument, and then, though it takes them some time to think of appropriate retorts, they betray the existence of wide information and original thought. "What about 'GORDON!'" says a solemn man with a conscience and a memory. "Ah! but what about CAVAGNARI!" raps out a phonetically pert Radical. Confession and avoidance is always more popular with unskilled rhetoricians than a direct traverse; so the solemn one replies on reflection that "Two blacks don't make a white." The Radical collapses for the moment, and just as an abstracted voice is heard to murmur "And one so much blacker!" a general yell proclaims the decision of a fresh contest, and the argument is forgotten. Mr. GLADSTONE himself would be gratified by the precedence given to the claims of Authority over those of Reason. A particularly vivacious passage of arms came to an end with the mutually effective objurgations (in the imperative mood), "You read the *National Reformer!*" "You read the *Illustrated London News!*"

After a quarter of an hour of these experiences one tears oneself away, not without regret. And yet it may sometimes be that perfectly fragmentary gems of election talk are the most soothing to the ears and the most inspiring to the imagination. There is a certain luxury in being free to apply in whatever way seems most accordant with the Eternal Verities such passages as the following, declaimed with sonorous emphasis from the box-seat of a four-wheeled cab:—"Mad! Mad as a — March 'are!"

HOW TO MAKE CRIMINALS.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England has been giving some reformed convicts the benefit of his judicial experience. Some critics may perhaps doubt whether the proceeding was altogether dignified. But it is known that Lord COLERIDGE is not deterred by considerations of this kind when he has a motive for making himself agreeable. Lord COLERIDGE would not have been himself if he had not talked about Lord COLERIDGE. Accordingly he told his hearers that he resembled them in some respects, having been much abused and having many sorrows to bear. The inmates of prisons are probably not very sensitive to public criticism, and they often display a lamentable indifference to the fate of their friends and relatives. But when Lord COLERIDGE emerged from the region of forced and not very ingenious comparison between himself and the partakers of the thieves' supper, he made some very sensible remarks. It is the fact that severe punishments indiscriminately inflicted do much more harm than good, and it is also the fact that very little discrimination and very great severity are exercised by inferior tribunals in this country. "Petty offences," says Lord COLERIDGE, "often 'repeated remain petty offences still,'" though he would probably not contend that the repetition should make no difference at all in the penalty. The law in the past greatly favoured severity, and favours it somewhat still. It was formerly impossible to pass upon any prisoner who had been previously convicted of felony a sentence of penal servitude for less than seven years. Now that has been altered, and the minimum of five years may be imposed. "I have often," said Lord COLERIDGE, "had 'my mind filled with astonishment, and my heart with 'dismay, when compelled to sentence a man who had 'already spent years and years in prison or penal servitude 'for offences the gravest of which hardly reached the level 'of petty larceny.'" This cruel injustice is usually done by Recorders and Chairmen of Quarter Sessions. They recruit the criminal class, doubtless with the best intentions. A man is convicted of stealing an old coat. It is discovered that he had been already punished for purloining a new loaf. Perhaps the first time he was starving, and the second time he was cold. His conduct is not to be defended, and it is right that obedience to the law should be enforced. But to treat such a man as an old offender, and send him to a long period of imprisonment, is a grievous blunder, as well as an act of callous insensibility. Such an experience convinces the culprit that it is of no use to reform. The world is not his friend, nor the world's law. He abandons himself to a life of crime.

Lord COLERIDGE did not advert, as he might have adverted, to the glaring disproportion between the punishment for violence and the punishment for fraud. The smallest act of theft is more severely punished than the most extreme

brutality. When a really atrocious crime comes before a Court of Assize, the judge too often finds that he can only pass a sentence common in the neighbourhood for ordinary larceny. In part perhaps this want of distinction is due to the limited jurisdiction of inferior Courts. As they never have before them the gravest offences, they feel compelled to use their power of inflicting heavy penalties in less aggravated cases. A Chairman of Quarter Sessions has been known to send a woman into penal servitude for five years because she had satisfied her hunger by a forcible raid upon a baker's shop. A well-known Scotch judge in similar circumstances ordered the woman to be imprisoned for six hours, and to receive a hearty meal during that time. His example is not to be commended, but at best he sinned against natural equity less than the other. An instance may be given, the accuracy of which can be guaranteed. A sickly, stunted, half-grown young man—one of those failures always on the verge between imbecility and crime—was indicted at Sessions for obtaining money by false pretences. What he had done was to take the QUEEN'S shilling as a recruit, falsely denying that he had enlisted before. As a matter of fact, he had been discharged, and was ineligible. It was proved that he had already been convicted of stealing a watch. The presiding magistrate was a novice, who had never occupied the position before. With the concurrence of a single colleague, equally inexperienced, he sentenced the lad to two years' hard labour, a punishment reserved by judges for exceptionally shocking crimes, where penal servitude cannot be inflicted. "You might as well sentence me to death," said the poor wretch, and what he said was true. If he had committed a particularly brutal assault, with no provocation whatever, six months would have been the outside of his term. These magistrates do not mean to be inhuman. They are simply careless and ignorant. But they do infinite mischief. There ought to be some definite rule to be followed in all Courts of criminal justice.

THE IRISH ELECTIONS.

CONSIDERING all that has come and gone, Lord HARTINGTON is surely in a little too much of a hurry to take up his parable against the domination of Mr. PARNELL as established by the result of the elections. To be sure, if the speaker had been the Lord HARTINGTON of the year 1883, or if, being the Lord HARTINGTON of 1885, he could look back on a year 1884 spent, not on the Treasury Bench, but in a corner seat behind it, the case would have been different. The Minister, in other words, who thought and said that it would be an "act of madness" to enlarge the Irish franchise could deplore the consequences of that act with a somewhat better grace than the Minister who unresistingly accepted a sixteenth share in the responsibility for its commission. With such a record as that, however, to say that the Irish representatives in Parliament will not be "the free choice of the Irish people, but merely the nominees, and nothing less, of Mr. PARNELL," is just a little too strong. It may be perfectly true that "there exists at this moment no such thing as freedom of action on any subject in Ireland"; but grants of the franchise have heretofore been usually regarded as presupposing freedom of action on the part of those who are to exercise the privilege, and, indeed, except on this assumption, even the late Government would hardly have ventured to justify the inclusion of Ireland in the Reform Act, which was not, at any rate, framed with the avowed and ostensible purpose of placing eighty pocket-seats at the service of Mr. PARNELL. But this petulant sally of Lord HARTINGTON's—a proof in itself of the disturbing effect exercised by the English borough elections on the most impassive of Liberal minds—is not only an outrage on the principles which he professes, it is thoroughly unreasonable on the facts. There is no ground whatever for supposing that the constituencies who have returned Mr. PARNELL'S nominees have given, in any sense of the word, a coerced vote. The quarrel over Mr. CALLAN'S nomination for North Louth is alone sufficient to show that there is nothing to interfere with the Irish elector's freedom of choice if he chooses to exercise it. When the "uncrowned King of Ireland" has to jump off a waggonette into the street to collar a man who has repeatedly called him "a liar" and a "shabby fellow," it is, at any rate, evident that his despotism is tempered by something stronger than epigrams. It would surely be better for members of the party which

introduced the Caucus into English politics not to say too much about nominees, either of Mr. PARNELL or anybody else.

Nothing has happened in Ireland but what every man of common sense knew would happen, and what indeed has been matter of universal expectation among people professing any acquaintance with Ireland from the moment when the Franchise Bill became law. Mr. PARNELL predicted that the whole of the three southern provinces would fall under his sway, and they have done so. He boasted that he would drive the Liberals out of every seat in Ireland which should be challenged by a Home Ruler, and he has made good his boast. The O'SHEAS, the O'DONOGHUES, the MITCHELL HENRYS of the party have disappeared from the list of Irish representatives, some taking refuge, like the late member for Clare, in English boroughs in which Mr. PARNELL'S half-contemptuous patronage commends them to the Irish voter; others bidding farewell to Parliamentary life altogether. Even the utter rout of Irish Liberals in Ulster was not unexpected by Lord HARTINGTON himself, who some little while ago deplored in most lugubrious terms the probability of their extinction. The defeat of Mr. WALKER in North Derry, making the seventh member of the late Government left out in the cold, may for the first time perhaps have brought the essential weakness of Irish Liberalism thoroughly home to Lord HARTINGTON'S mind. He may have thought of the Irish Liberal as being beaten by a Parnellite, but not, as in North Derry and North Armagh, by a Conservative; and he may not have yet perceived how completely this unhappy ghost of Irish politics realizes DANTE'S description of the men who are alike hateful to the powers of light and of darkness. But these dramatic illustrations of a very obvious fact ought not to be necessary. There is absolutely no place or reason of existence for a Liberal in such an Ireland as the Liberal party have been mainly instrumental in creating. It was certain from the first that he would go, and that his inheritance would be divided between the Parnellites and the Conservatives. If Mr. PARNELL has not obtained quite such a share in it as he expected, the difference between the anticipation and reality is not very considerable. If he does not secure the contingent of eighty members on which he has been counting, he will, at any rate, get near enough to it for all practical purposes. It is tolerably certain that he will command a vote of sufficient magnitude to make him the arbiter between the two English parties, and already the virtuous Liberal is busy with suggestions of the most effective way of "squaring" him. The ingenious Mr. BRETT—the same who desiderated a "cry"—has come forward with a proposal which he apparently thinks becoming as proceeding from a member of a party who have been hypothetically accusing the Conservatives of an unlimited willingness to enter into any transaction with the Irish Separatist which may seem necessary to their retention or acquisition of power. The only alternatives open to an English Government will be, Mr. BRETT thinks, "either to propose some measure of local government, and to rely upon the patriotism of HER MAJESTY'S Opposition for support, or to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into and report upon the system of Irish government." The excellent Mr. BRETT then goes on to express his own quite impartial preference for the latter alternative, which, he observes with well-simulated simplicity, "would give greater guarantees of success, for it would be possible then, in a legitimate and constitutional manner" (legitimate and constitutional is good) "to associate Mr. PARNELL and the leaders of the Irish party with the leaders of the other great parties" (it being always understood, of course, that, if the Conservatives did not choose to come into the arrangement, they might stay out of it) "in the production of a scheme, or schemes, which might solve this riddle of Irish government."

This is pretty well, it must be admitted, for a member of the party whose leader was so anxious not to expose his opponents to a temptation which he feared would be too strong for their virtue. Even before it was certain that the Liberals might not succeed in obtaining such a majority as would relieve them from the necessity of coming to terms with the Irish Separatists, a member of the Liberal party has hurried forward with a proposal to "inquire" into the question whether the Union is or is not worth preserving. For we suppose that no sensible man would feel any doubt of this being the real import of Mr. BRETT'S prompt suggestion. No Royal Commission would be necessary to prepare the ground for any harmless scheme of Irish local government; indeed, it

is as an alternative to the formulation of such a scheme that the project of a Royal Commission is expressly recommended. The obvious purpose would, of course, be to ascertain how much Mr. PARNELL would "take," and to obtain, in the shape of a Report from a Royal Commission, a decent pretext for conceding it to him. Mr. BRETT, however, is only a little premature, that is all. Should the final result of the election be, as it now seems almost certain that it will be, to give the Liberals a majority, but a majority too small to enable them to dispense with the Parnellite vote, we shall not have long to wait for some movement in the direction to which this *ballon d'essai* has drifted. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, it is true, has declared his opinion that the Parliament now electing will have but a short life—thereby apparently implying that the Parnellites, unable to obtain what they want from either party, will render government impossible; but no one who knows Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will believe that he prefers long Parliaments to short ones, and Mr. BRETT's letter indicates a mode in which the duration of the coming Parliament might, with Mr. PARNELL's good pleasure, be considerably extended. And here Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's attitude towards the Irish party and their aspirations strikes us as highly significant. It is a very noteworthy point in his speech at Leicester the day before yesterday that, while admitting that the Parnellites will almost certainly hold the balance between the two parties, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN carefully avoided the taunts usually levelled by his party against the Conservatives on the strength of their assumed intention of allying themselves with Mr. PARNELL and his followers. Now when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN refrains from a railing accusation against an adversary, we may, without lack of charity, infer that—well, that he has some reason for it; and, of course, there is one very powerful reason for not imputing a discreditable policy to your opponents—namely, uncertainty as to whether circumstances may not arise to recommend that policy to yourself. One thing, at least, is very evident, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is determined for the present to turn the cheek to the Irish smiter. If Mr. PARNELL has succeeded, as he boasts, in throttling the Liberal party, he has, says Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "throttled the one great machine" (pray observe quotation marks, as we decline all responsibility for the metaphor) for securing justice to Ireland; for apart from the Liberals it is not probable or possible for the remaining grievances of Ireland to be effectually or satisfactorily settled. Hence, he adds, "I do not believe in the permanent alienation of the Irish vote from the Liberal party, and therefore I say that that factor in the combination against us is likely to change its position on another occasion." The occasion, however, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's estimate of the life of the new Parliament, is likely to arise very speedily; yet he already looks forward to going once more to the constituencies. All which appears to us to be well worth noting by those too-precipitate Radicals who, unobservant of their leader's caution, are beginning prematurely to denounce alliances with the party of Separation.

SUPERFINE ENGLISH.

A WRITER in the *Cornhill Magazine* takes up his parable against the English which he conceives to be superfine. It is not on all points possible to agree with this author, who writes in real or simulated high spirits. He belongs to the school of fatalists, who would never resist the popular will, or what seems to be the popular will, on the score that "manifest necessity" is on that side. If we admitted this, we should be obliged to quail before Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. STREAD, and a number of other noisy persons of both sexes. "The people are stronger than any person"—true, but the people are not above being guided. They—that is, the lowest kind of pressmen and lady novelists—have taken to writing "to predicate" when they mean "to predict." Are we to give in to this hideous barbarism? The *Cornhill* essayist thinks it would be well to resist, if resistance were feasible. But these things, he cries, "lie within the province of the 'people alone.'" This is rubbish. "The people"—divine collective noun—did not invent the muddle between "predicate" and "predict." "I don't bode rain," says the people, if you leave the people alone. The people does not say "I don't predicate rain," or "I don't predict rain," if the people is left to its own devices. But penny-a-liners, catching at a Latin word, misuse "predicate." Penny-a-

liners are not the people. Why should they have a right over language denied to Kaisers? If every writer who respects himself declines to "predicate" when he means to "foretell," the people will be right enough. The *Cornhill* essayist thinks that writers of leading articles began this blunder. Whatever may be thought of leading articles, they have scarcely fallen so low as the fatalistic essayist supposes. He enrolls himself "under the conservative banner," he says, meaning that he will try to write English. But he "does not believe we shall do much good in the end." That remains to be seen. The people is by no means so great a fool (cows being for the moment left out of the question) as the fatalistic politician supposes. No, let us all write what we know to be sound English, and leave to the *Cornhill* man his faint heart and his ignominious ignorance about ACHILLES and the lightning.

One good point this well-meaning but dastardly person does make. We are being overrun by the follies of specialists in the spelling of proper names. When specialists write for specialists, let them spell proper names as they please. Let them call the *Koran* the *Qur' An* by all means. This license applies both to books and to reviews and other articles which, like most essays on Oriental literature and philosophy and religion, are written for specialists by specialists. But in literature, in *belles lettres*, let us keep the speech our fathers bequeathed to us. Let JUGGERNAUT remain JUGGERNAUT in all ordinary literature, and let Jaganāth roll his wheels over the bodies of philologists. Let HAROUN-AL-RASHID abide as our childhood knew him, and never may KONG-FU-TZI usurp the place of CONFUCIUS as familiar to Dr. JOHNSON. A sort of pedants began this new craze with their *Oulumpos* (O Mr. GLADSTONE!); and, if they don't like Olympus, they can Oulump it. But we cling in English literature to Olympus, and only speak of Oulumpia when in the very dullest company. As to "AISKHULOS," away with him; he never fought the Mede nor wrote the *Eumenides*. These were the deeds of old ÆSCHYLUS. Who could recognize the lady who "loved the people well" in "GODGIFU"? She is good enough for professors of prehistoric English as she is spoke at Oxford. Of course there is a difficulty. Are we to call HOMER's hero ULYSSES? It is hard to do so, for ULYSSES was such a very different man from ODYSSEUS. Even to that would we descend sooner than call GODIVA "GODGIFU" (outside of an article in an Anglo-Saxon Review) or JUGGERNAUT JAGANĀTH. And yet it is hard; and it is hard to be obliged, by the same kind of pedantry turned inside out, to call ZEUS "JUPITER" and HERA "JUNO." They are such very different persons, just as NEPTUNE is one god and POSIDON quite another. A certain liberty to "go as you please" must be permitted in these matters. To deny it would be to fall back again on the other side into the manner of "OUIDA" and LECONTE DE LISLE.

SIR CHARLES WARREN AND MR. RHODES.

THE public disputation between the late Special and Deputy Commissioners in Bechuanaland is not taking a course which makes it less to be regretted that it should ever have begun. In other words, it is going its natural road. When two gentlemen engage in a dispute as to their personal conduct, they must be endowed with a superhuman sweetness of temper if they do not soon begin to indulge in personalities. Sir C. WARREN and Mr. RHODES are neither, to judge from their styles, among the most long-suffering of men, and accordingly each has now placed it on record that the other has been guilty of serious misconduct. Their common possession of this opinion is nearly the only thing which may be said to be decisively proved by the dispute. On other points there is much less certainty. It is the nature of discussions of this kind that they may easily be protracted for any length of time without arriving at a complete settlement, since there is no means of compelling the disputants to answer one another on specific points, and still less of compelling them to use words in the same sense. Sir CHARLES WARREN cites a number of incidents chosen from a long series of transactions to prove that he was badly treated in South Africa. Mr. RHODES quotes many more to prove the contrary proposition. Unfortunately, the quotations on either side do not refer in many cases to the same stages of the business, and the one set does not answer the other. When they do, the element of confusion is introduced by the differences between the two as to the meaning of words. The impartial third party

can form an opinion, but it is not likely that Mr. RHODES will agree with Sir CHARLES WARREN on, for instance, the exact meaning of Mr. NIEKERK's words. The Special Commissioner said he was advised by Mr. NIEKERK to establish military rule in Stellaland. This Mr. RHODES denies, and quotes these words of Mr. NIEKERK in support of his opinion:—"I beg to place on record my personal opinion that, in view of the state of party feeling, and of the risk of disturbances which might arise through holding elections coupled with the present financial condition of the country, you should ask the High Commissioner to undertake the direct administration of the country, pending annexation to the Cape Colony." Then Mr. RHODES asks whether there is anything here which shows the writer's fear of civil war or recommends military rule. The impartial third person presupposed above would doubtless say that, if a state of public feeling which makes peaceful elections impossible does not mean danger of civil war, and a recommendation that the High Commissioner should rule directly does not mean "military rule," then words have no sense; but he will plainly not convert Mr. RHODES. Still less will Sir CHARLES WARREN. It follows as a matter of course that each of these gentlemen accuses the other of exactly the same things. Sir CHARLES WARREN is convinced that Mr. RHODES has done much to increase the race hatred between Englishmen and Dutchmen; while (to avoid monotony) it is enough to say that, if this order of names were changed, the statement of opinion would be equally correct. Mutual charges of this kind are necessarily barren. When we find Mr. RHODES replying to a charge of having spoken against the exercise of Imperial control in Bechuanaland by saying that the words were used under "peculiar circumstances" which he does not specify, it would seem that we have had quite enough vague statement. It is time to conclude that both sides are right from their own point of view, and then proceed to try and discover whether the public service did or did not suffer when Sir CHARLES WARREN was compelled to vary his duties as Special Commissioner by being called on to share in a debating society.

Whether Sir HERCULES ROBINSON and Mr. RHODES behaved quite fairly or not is, in fact, a subordinate question. It is conceivable that they should both have acted from the purest motives, and yet that their interference was mischievous. That Sir CHARLES WARREN was interfered with is certain. When he arrived at the Cape on his special mission, attempts were made to influence him in his choice of advisers and agents. He was urged not to make use of Mr. MACKENZIE's services or even to see him. For this we have Sir CHARLES WARREN's own very categorical statement, which has not been and cannot be contradicted. No doubt Sir HERCULES ROBINSON gave this advice, and enforced it with all the authority of his office, out of a sincere belief that Mr. MACKENZIE's services in Bechuanaland would do harm. Nobody wishes to believe that the High Commissioner acted from any other than the best motives; but it is none the less open to us to think that an officer in Sir CHARLES WARREN's position ought not to have been so influenced or hampered in any way in the discharge of his duties. Another instance of this same meddling was shown in the matter of the telegram approving of the settlement just made in Stellaland. It has been charged against Sir CHARLES WARREN that he approved of an arrangement which he afterwards found it necessary to upset. We have now his account of what happened, and can see what this alleged approval amounted to. On arriving at Cape Town Sir CHARLES was told that an arrangement had been made, must be carried out, and would be even if he disapproved it. He was certainly under the impression that his consent was a mere matter of form, and gave it with the belief that it did not bind him to approve of what had been done without his participation. It is no answer to this to say that Sir CHARLES WARREN was supplied with Blue-Books before leaving England, and must have beguiled the voyage out by reading them. What the story proves is the reality of the interference of which Sir CHARLES WARREN complains. Every line of Mr. RHODES's own letters goes to prove that this resolution to hamper the Special Commissioner never slackened throughout his stay in South Africa. From first to last he is shown to have been on one side while Sir HERCULES ROBINSON and the Cape politicians were on the other. It is equally clear that, consciously or unconsciously, they leaned to the course which was sure to be least favourable to the native population. They acted for the best according to their lights very possibly, but their view inevitably differed from that taken in England. It will

hardly strengthen their position in home opinion that their course was leading to results which had the approval of Lord DERBY. Expeditions such as Sir CHARLES WARREN's are expressly designed to effect many things which have always been most displeasing to the late Colonial Secretary. Now the fact that the Cape authorities did meddle in this way with Sir CHARLES WARREN is enough to condemn, if not them, then the policy which allowed him to be controlled. It is little less than absurd to say that Sir CHARLES WARREN was a merely subordinate officer who should have confined himself to implicitly obeying orders from Cape Town. He and his expedition were not sent out to be mere instruments in the hands of any Cape Ministry. On the contrary, he was chosen as an exceptionally able officer, well acquainted with the circumstances, and sent out to deal with difficulties which had proved too much for the authorities on the spot. A peculiar force was raised, to be under his command and make him independent. It is absurd to describe a Special Commissioner sent out under these circumstances and with these powers as a merely subordinate officer.

At the same time, it is plain that, in taking this erroneous view of Sir CHARLES WARREN's position, Sir HERCULES ROBINSON and his advisers were to some extent justified by the nature of the powers given him by the home Ministry. It has been said that ninety-nine lawsuits out of a hundred arise because people come to understandings. Sir CHARLES WARREN's own account of the terms on which he was appointed show that he, HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, and Sir HERCULES ROBINSON all came to an understanding, with the almost inevitable result that they differed before long as to its meaning. The Special Commissioner knew how necessary it was for him to be independent, and even refused to undertake the work unless his hands were to be free. He is perfectly justified in saying that this view of his position was taken by the late Ministry as far as their opinions can be got at by means of their words in the House of Commons. Unfortunately the late Ministry's view of what constitutes the independence of one of their servants was, as we know from a more famous case, peculiar. It amounted to this—that Sir CHARLES was to be free except when he was hampered by themselves or by some co-ordinate authority which they allowed to interfere with him. In the present case they prepared for this intrusion by a clause in Sir CHARLES WARREN's commission. He was to have all the power of the High Commissioner in Bechuanaland, subject to the orders of the High Commissioner himself. This was a tolerably important exception. The Ministry may have understood that Sir HERCULES ROBINSON was not to use his authority, but to stand aside and allow Sir CHARLES WARREN to act. They should, however, have made it clear that they expected him to take this course. As Governor of a colony with an elective Chamber, and therefore bound to act with the advice of his Ministers, Sir HERCULES ROBINSON could scarcely avoid using his authority when pressed to do so by the politicians about him. That he did so was almost the inevitable consequence of his position. The faults of manner with which the thing was done were all Sir HERCULES ROBINSON's own, but it cannot be denied that the home Ministry had prepared for the interference. He must bear the responsibility of having written secretly to complain of Sir CHARLES WARREN, but when the Special Commissioner was left under his order, if it was only as a matter of form, it might have been foreseen that he would hardly be able to stand idle while the policy he had approved of was being set aside. As usual, the late Ministry seem to have been unable to decide which of the two courses they preferred to follow. They were compelled by public opinion to take Bechuanaland in hand, but they could not make up their minds to do so thoroughly. The inevitable consequence was a conflict of authority, which was only prevented from ending in a deadlock by the firmness and tact of Sir CHARLES WARREN. The moral is obvious. Special Commissioners ought to be supplied with proper powers, and made independent. It is as good as useless to send them on any other terms. That the moral will be taken to heart by official persons, officially called statesmen, is what we do not hope for with any great confidence.

ELECTION RIOTS.

THE extreme violence of the disturbances which have broken out at elections during the past week is a social danger and a national disgrace. Nothing like it has been known in England for many years, and it is peculiarly

unfortunate that the first exercise of the enlarged franchise in the counties, to which both political parties had assented, should be accompanied in certain places by manifestations of murderous ruffianism. The state of things in the counties has been far worse than in the towns. In Nottingham alone, among English boroughs, have there been any serious collisions, and there the police from Derbyshire seem to be at least partly responsible for what occurred. Moreover, there is, unfortunately, nothing new about Nottingham mobs. We commented the other day on the manner in which political meetings were being made impossible by gangs of roughs, who interrupted the proceedings and threw chairs about, especially in London. But during the past week things have got much worse. There has been rioting almost all over the country, from Suffolk to Somerset. Gross insults to ladies have been followed by deliberate attempts to murder unpopular candidates. In Buckinghamshire, Lady CURZON, wife of the Conservative member for the Wycombe division, had to be hoisted over a wall to save her from a stone-throwing mob. In Leicestershire, Mrs. JOHNSON-FERGUSON, whose husband was a Liberal candidate, was struck on the breast by an infuriated partisan, said to be in the commission of the peace. In Flintshire, the Conservative committee-rooms were attacked after the declaration of the poll, and the police are compendiously described as being "all more or less knocked about." Mr. WATKINSON, a prominent Conservative, was only saved by the police from dangerous injuries, and had to be conveyed secretly into a place of safety while the mob was attacking a person resembling him. If the person who resembled Mr. WATKINSON had no graver crime upon his conscience, his fate seems a hard one, and the reason why he was not equally entitled with the person whom he resembled to the protection of the authorities is by no means clear. Perhaps East Denbighshire, where Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and Sir WATKIN WYNN have been standing, is the scene of the worst outrages. In the district of Brymbo the Conservatives had to abandon their meetings, and all peaceable inhabitants looked forward to the polling yesterday with much uneasiness.

Denbighshire mobs do not appear to mince matters. The Welsh are usually a quiet people, quiet and well disposed. But on this occasion they have been lashed into ungovernable fury. Sir WATKIN WYNN's life has been not only threatened, but attempted. While he was addressing his supporters last week, a crowd burst in and made for the platform. Sir WATKIN had to be smuggled out by a back door and rapidly driven away. He was followed, and cries of "Kill Sir WATKIN!" were freely raised, the Welsh Liberals being apparently reminiscent of their Scotch models and "Burke Sir WALTER!" Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN seems to have been more fortunate, though stones have been thrown at him, and the familiar trick of taking the linch-pin out of his carriage has been played upon him. When such feeling is displayed on both sides, it is plain that the slightest contact between rival crowds might lead to a fatal conflict. In South Glamorganshire a gathering estimated at a thousand men wrecked an hotel, injured six policemen, and threatened to smash the ballot-boxes from a district considered favourable to "the candidate who was the nominee of the Liberal Three Hundred." At St. Austell, in Cornwall, the police had to charge the mob. At Melton the Liberal candidate was pursued to the station by a yelling mass of men, who threw sticks, stones, and brickbats at him, and would probably have killed him if he had not been surrounded by thirty policemen. As it was, the station was invaded, and had to be forcibly cleared. At Radstock, in Somersetshire, the mob, this time on the Radical side, attacked the Conservative committee-rooms, and so completely wrecked two hotels, that "not a single pane of glass was left, and huge coping-stones were hurled through the windows, smashing glass and furniture, and driving the inmates to the cellars." At Wilton Sir THOMAS GROVE, the Liberal member, was covered with mud and "missiles, and struck once or twice with stones." At Worthing the police were "savagely stoned." At Handsworth Woodhouse, in Hallamshire, the colliers threatened with violence any one who came out of the Conservative committee-rooms. In Buckinghamshire Mr. CHARLEY, an eccentric but perfectly harmless politician, who was wont to amuse himself by standing as a Conservative against Mr. DISRAELI, has been so brutally ill-treated that his life is in danger; while in the next county Lord VALENTIA, the Conservative candidate for the Woodstock division, seems to have had a narrow escape of a similar fate. We say nothing of Ireland, where, if Mr. CALLAN's and Mr. NOLAN's supporters

exterminated each other in Louth, the loss would be endurable. But we have said enough to show the scandalous nature of the conflicts which have raged during the last week, and which ought to make the districts concerned heartily ashamed. If shame is no remedy, resort must be had to force. It is a serious matter to call out the soldiers, and a still more serious matter for them to fire on the mob. But anything is preferable to homicidal anarchy.

AN ATTACK OF ELECTION-FEVER.

DECIDEDLY the doctors are right in affirming the existence of "election-fever"—a specific malady superinduced by political excitement at such agitated times as the present. Undoubtedly it exists, and is attended by its own characteristic and very well-marked delirium, the latest sufferer from which appears to be Mr. COURTNEY. That it should attack a politician of so peculiarly hard-headed a type as the new member for South-East Cornwall—that this fell disease, with its attendant mania, should not even spare one who is a second wrangler, go to, and hath views on proportional representation, and deviseth conundrums for the elector which he is too stupid to care about, seems almost incredible. But such, nevertheless, is the case. How otherwise are we to account for the wild and whirling words which Mr. COURTNEY addressed the other day to the "men of Bideford in Devon," concerning Lord SALISBURY and Lord SALISBURY's house at Dieppe. He has built this house, said Mr. COURTNEY mysteriously, "at a time when Parliament was in a rather dilapidated condition, by reason of the strenuous Tory opposition"; and "his Lordship built it so that, he said, "if things came to an end in England, he would go over there and live in peace and security. He went; but just after his arrival the Franco-German War broke out. The Germans marched straight to Dieppe, seized the town, and Lord SALISBURY was compelled to return to the country "he so basely deserted." Surely these are painful evidences of "a noble mind o'erthrown." Hallucination it must be; for we believe Mr. COURTNEY to be quite incapable of inventing such a story, and he may interpret that admission in any way he pleases. The story, considered as an original effort of the imagination, is much more in the manner of ALEXANDRE DUMAS the Elder, especially in its bold interweaving of fictitious events with the lives of historical personages, than in that of the late Secretary to the Treasury. The idea of the English statesman being driven home by the invading Germans to the country which he had so "basely deserted" is quite worthy to rank beside the incident of D'ARTAGNAN's carrying off General MONK to the Hague in a coffin, with the view of committing him to the policy of a Restoration.

It is almost a pity that Lord SALISBURY should have spoilt the story by pointing out that his house at Dieppe was not built and that he was not living in that part of the country when the Germans came there. Of course his base desertion of his country was to be accounted for in precisely the same way as Sir CHARLES DILKE's base desertion of it for his villa in the South of France, which is farther off than Dieppe, and from which he may, no doubt, have been actually and not imaginatively driven away a year or two ago by an invader even more formidable than the Germans—to wit, the cholera. Lord SALISBURY's explanation of his flight is that for the health of his family he has been in the habit for a great number of years of spending some weeks in the autumn of every year on the coast of France; and probably it was in like pursuit of health or of recreation that Sir CHARLES DILKE has been accustomed to abscond. "I do not know," adds Lord SALISBURY, with his wonted felicity of sarcasm, "from what person in my employment Mr. COURTNEY obtained his information with respect to the details of my private life, but I recommend him to change his correspondent." The retort has certainly been amply merited, but we still cling to the belief that it is not a case of non-information on Mr. COURTNEY's part, but that his utterances are merely the delirium of election fever. No doubt there have been similar wanderings on the other side. We have not, indeed, come across any of the Tory wanderers, or at least of any who stray so far from sanity as Mr. COURTNEY has done; but, until the excitement abates, and with it the epidemic to which it is the predisposing cause, we shall be astonished at nothing we hear. But neither must Mr. COURTNEY himself be astonished if, from the parched lips of some distraught opponent, he should chance

to hear babblings like his own. Still less must he take upon himself to be indignant at it. If any one hereafter should solemnly assure an assembly of Conservative electors that, immediately after Mr. GLADSTONE defined Liberalism as "Trust in the people, tempered with prudence," he has withdrawn every farthing of personal property that he possesses from his English investments and transferred it to securities of the United States Government; or that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, thoroughly unnerved by the visit of the unemployed to Highbury, has since had a subterranean passage constructed under the orchid-house, with an exit in a distant part of the grounds—if Mr. COURTNEY, we say, should find himself entertained in the course of the next week or so with fables of this sort, he had better, before giving way to his feelings on the subject, recall his own little delusion in the matter of the Chalet Cecil.

SCIENCE AND POLITICS.

WE owe a good deal to our men of science already, and have every confidence that we are destined to increase our debt to them yet more. But the service which we were promised by the mouth of one of their number in the *Times* a few days ago appears almost too much to expect from them—at least within any measurable period of time. The progress of science, says this enthusiast, is very far indeed from being adequately measured by its material achievements. It has done far more than merely give us railways, telegraphs, arms of precision, and other practical applications of its discoveries, important as these may be. It has given to the human race for the first time standards of truth which are at once absolute and acceptable, and has thus caused a practical knowledge of truth, of its tests and evidences, and an engrossing love of it, to become the chief mental characteristics of those who are really engaged in scientific pursuits. Indisputable as these propositions may be in the abstract, their relevance to the particular subject which suggested "F.R.C.S.'s" letter is not at first sight apparent. But the bearing of these remarks, like those of Professor—was it Professor?—BUNSBY, lies in the application of them, and this we will at once proceed to consider. The hint upon which the *Times'* scientific correspondent spoke was a certain severe comment in a previous impression of that journal on "the spectacle of the employment of Mr. GLADSTONE's subtle intellect in the manufacture of transparently sophistical explanations of the overthrow of his party in the English boroughs," and of this same subtlety he remarks that nearly all its forms and varieties may, "in the presence of the standards which science affords and uses, be without difficulty resolved into acts of intellectual dishonesty." And the general inference which we are intended to draw is that science, victoriously parading the world with its standards in its hand, and everywhere exposing subtlety as the discreditable quality which it really is, will by-and-by "lead the minds of the rising generation to regard intellectual dishonesty much as moral dishonesty is regarded now."

This is, indeed, a delightful prospect, and we only wish that the path to it was a little more clearly defined. But, while quite admitting that the scientific habit predisposes the human mind to prefer truth to falsehood—as, however, does also the business habit, the historic habit, and all other habits which are concerned, not with fictions, but facts—we do not quite see our way to the application of "F.R.C.S.'s" canons in the department of political knowledge. We do not say that their application is impossible, or that "F.R.C.S." has not a very distinct idea in his own mind as to the mode of applying them; all we say is, that he has thus far failed to convey his idea to the minds of other people. Take, for instance, that famous series of electioneering propositions that the English labourer could flourish everywhere on three acres and a cow, that it is expedient that a landowner should be compelled to sell the three acres, and that it is just that the ratepayers should find the purchase-money. Now all three of these propositions are eminently disputable, and two of them, if not all three, are undoubtedly false. But they continue to be uttered and to be believed, and though we should welcome a demonstration of their falsehood by a reference of them to the "standards which science affords and uses," we do not at present perceive how this can be effected. What is more, we greatly fear that, even if the demonstration were to be effected, the false statements and false beliefs would still survive; the reason thereof being, as we suggest, the survival of a disturbing

element of which our man of science has hardly taken sufficient notice. May not the inapplicability of scientific tests to political propositions be ultimately due to the fact that, whereas no interests or passions are enlisted against the truth that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, or that the force of gravitation varies inversely as the square of the distance, there are a certain number of persons who are deeply interested in propagating, while many more are passionately eager to believe, the series of falsehoods on the subject of the three acres and the cow? The distinction between science and politics will, we fear, always exist; but, meanwhile, addressing the lovers of truth in politics, we may say in the words of GOETHE, "We bid you hope." Many people have already arrived, quite unaided by science, at the conclusion that Mr. GLADSTONE's "subtlety" is a form of "intellectual dishonesty," and we should be sorry, indeed, to think that familiarity with scientific standards was necessary to enable us to deal with a Birmingham affidavit.

CHUCKLE, CHEEK, AND CANDOUR.

MR. GLADSTONE, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Lord ROSEBURY have at the same moment delivered themselves, one in a written address, the two others orally, on the subject of the elections; and a truly remarkable gamut do their utterances form. The address to the Midlothian electors is naturally at the top of the scale. It is a prolonged chuckle from beginning to end. Mr. GLADSTONE, as we already know, has persuaded himself that his party has not only obtained the majority of seats, taking the electorate as a whole, but also that they are ahead of their opponents in all divisions of the electoral body in which he happens to think that it would be discreditable to them to be behind. It is true that this latter persuasion implies the belief that borough constituencies are negligible quantities, or that arithmetic does not exist; but Mr. GLADSTONE has performed quite as remarkable intellectual feats before this. In his address he repeats the old story that the defeat of the Liberals in the boroughs has been brought about by the "com-mands of Mr. PARNELL" (which proved impotent in cases where they were the most persistently pressed), "the panic of the Church" (a matter which Mr. GLADSTONE must settle with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN), and "the imposture of Fair-trade" (which also is not borne out by a reference to the names of rejected Conservative candidates); while, even with all these disadvantages, the Liberals would still have gained 113 seats in the boroughs, against 112, if it had not been for the "tomfoolery" of dividing the Liberal party in five constituencies by the running of a second Liberal horse. Having thus proved to his satisfaction that his party have won in the boroughs as well as in the counties, it is natural of course that Mr. GLADSTONE should exult. There is a little less of dignity, perhaps, in the war-dance which he has just executed than we used to expect in the leader of an English party; but let that pass.

Lord ROSEBURY's handling of the great question of the borough vote deserves comparison in the quality of cheerful audacity even with that of his leader. The borough constituencies gone over from the Liberals to the Conservatives? Nonsense; nothing of the kind. London has returned 36 Tory and 25 Liberal members; and what does that amount to? A bagatelle of 13 votes on a division, while look at Glasgow, which has landed all its seven seats for Liberalism. Of course it is better to look at Glasgow, which has given all its seven seats to the Liberals, than at Liverpool, which has given eight of its nine seats to the Conservatives and the ninth to a particular enemy of the Liberals; and that is probably why Lord ROSEBURY preferred the one object of contemplation to the other. But, if you deduct the Conservative majority in London and look at the provincial boroughs alone, you find that there the Liberals have a small majority. So that "the beginning and end of the Tory reaction is in London." Whence it appears that, though the borough seats outside London were divided between Liberals and Conservatives in the last Parliament in the proportion of more than 2 to 1, and are now divided in the proportion of about 9 to 8, there has in Lord ROSEBURY's opinion been no Conservative reaction.

To Mr. CHAMBERLAIN it is quite impossible to do justice in a few lines. We know not whether to dwell rather on the magnificent candour with which he informs every Moderate Liberal whose vote he may happen to have captured that the poor simpleton has been thoroughly befooled,

and that of course the Radical programme has not been and will not be withdrawn; or whether to pay a tribute of respect to the frankness with which he reminds his leader that his precious Manifesto did not include the one point to which extreme Liberals attach importance, and the extreme Liberals, who in this connexion mean "the vast majority of the Liberal party," will of course go to work in the teeth of their hustings pledges to bring the question—the question of Disestablishment—to the front as speedily as possible. It is difficult to say which of the two is the more striking instance of Chamberlainian self-disclosure. The one point, however, in which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has perhaps slightly overdone his "declaration"—has shown a tendency, if we may say so, to give a "statutory" touch to it—is in his remark about the extreme Liberals being the vast majority of the Liberal party. There perhaps he protests too much, and his assurances become suspect. Certainly the look of the Liberals who have escaped rejection in the boroughs, at any rate, would rather raise the presumption that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has become a Radical leader without followers. As to that, however, time alone can show. We can only hope that appearances are not deceptive in this instance, and that the "sixth P." among the Conservative electors, who was somehow forgotten in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's elegant group—to wit, the patriot—has at least done something to purge the Liberal party of its anti-national and anti-constitutional element.

THE WIRE MUZZLE.

THERE is no sign as yet that we are nearing the end of the hydrophobia epidemic; and, indeed, so long as the authorities obstinately refuse to tackle it by the only measure that has a chance of success, we do not expect to see the end of it. Three more deaths from hydrophobia were registered in London last week, making a total of twenty-five since the 1st of January, or more than half as many again as have been recorded in any previous year. And every week we hear of many fresh cases of rabies amongst dogs. No part of the metropolis appears to be exempt. At the East End five persons have died from the bite of one rabid animal; and at the other side of London, in Belgravia, dogs are being killed on account of rabies almost every day. There cannot be a doubt that some more stringent measures than the capture of stray dogs and the distribution of handbills have at length become absolutely essential. We would not for a moment depreciate the importance of imparting elementary information as to the early signs of rabies. Indeed, we have all along contended that sound knowledge and strict watchfulness on the part of the dog-owners constitute one of the most necessary elements in the prevention of the plague. But it is not to be expected that all dog-owners will be wise and watchful. In the best circumstances we must reckon on a large amount of ignorance, carelessness, and prejudice. As "Ouida's" letter showed us, dog-fanciers are often more swayed by fancy than fact. They are prone to pernicious theories, which do more than anything else to render the systematic prevention of the disease a matter of difficulty. In our view these theories are not to be argued with; they are to be treated as if they did not exist.

We hope that every one who is interested in this grave question has carefully read the able letter addressed to the *Times* last week by Mr. George Fleming. Mr. Fleming is known as by far our best authority on veterinary questions. He has done more than any one in this country to raise veterinary pathology and medicine to a secure scientific level, and his book on Rabies and Hydrophobia is a standard work. No one can speak on the subject with greater authority than he. And yet so profound is the prejudice against the muzzle—the only efficient protection against rabies—that even Mr. Fleming has not, apparently, the courage to mention it, but leaves us to gather from his published works what are the "simpler, safer, more certain, and more expeditious" measures which he would have us adopt. Mr. Fleming would have saved many of his readers much trouble and his letter would have been much more effective if he had quoted the following sentences from his *Rabies and Hydrophobia*:—"When the disease threatens to become prevalent, or, indeed, when there is reason to believe that a mad dog has bitten several others and these cannot be discovered, the use of the muzzle should be resorted to, and all dogs seen in the streets of towns or in the country without a muzzle should be seized by the police as suspicious animals. This is one of the great advantages of employing the muzzle; for, if it be correct that rabid dogs escape from their homes and wander about without this safeguard, then surely a dog so unprovided ought to be at once captured. If muzzles were not worn, a rabid animal might cause a terrible amount of mischief without attracting the attention of the police, merely because it was like other dogs. On these grounds, I am certainly inclined to advocate recourse to the muzzle. Its use when rigorously enforced must be beneficial during an epidemic of rabies." That is a temperate enough statement of opinion, but surely, as coming from our leading authority on the subject, it is sufficiently decisive to warrant the authorities

in acting upon it. Another well-known expert, Professor Law, of Cornell University in the United States, writes:—"In all cities and countries where rabies has existed within a year, and in the counties adjoining them, every dog should be muzzled except when securely shut up or tied. All dogs found at large without a muzzle should be promptly shot by the police. The objection to muzzles is satisfactorily met by the use of the wire muzzle, which impedes neither breathing nor drinking."

It is to this last sentence of Professor Law's that we would especially direct attention. The widespread prejudice against muzzling is largely due to the fact that most people are only acquainted with the old-fashioned leather muzzle. Nothing, we admit, could be more barbarous than the universal application of this instrument of torture. It strangles the dog's throat, clamps his jaws, prevents him from drinking, and interferes with that free evaporation from the tongue by which the dog in hot weather mainly gets rid of his surplus caloric. To send a dog out in the heat of summer with such an apparatus is about as cruel as it would be to varnish a man's skin and turn him into a Turkish bath; and we should never have advocated the muzzle if that were the only available form. But the wire muzzle, which leaves a dog free to breathe and to drink and to hang out his tongue, is quite a different thing. "It is astonishing," says Mr. Fleming, "how soon dogs become accustomed to an easy-fitting, comfortable muzzle." There is no cruelty whatever in the enforced use of such an appliance. The cruelty lies rather in letting things alone, and leaving our dogs exposed as they now are to the bite of the first rabid cur that happens to cross their path. Mr. Fleming demands further legislation with the view of ridding us once for all of a scourge which should have been banished from our shores long ago. But in London, at any rate, an Act is in force (30 & 31 Vict., cap. 134) which contains this clause:—"The Commissioner of Police, if he see fit, may issue a notice requiring any dog while in the streets, and not led by some person, to be muzzled in such a manner as will admit of the animal breathing and drinking without obstruction; and the police may take possession of any dog found loose in the streets without such muzzle during the currency of the order, &c." This order, just issued, ought to have been issued weeks ago.

TOMFOOLERY.

"TOMFOOLERY? No doubt. But who is the Tomfool?"

It was probably the reflection of more than one reader of Mr. Gladstone's remarkable speech to the electors of Flintshire on Monday. Mr. Gladstone, of course, was in a very natural state of rage at the complete defeat which his party has sustained in the vast majority of all those English constituencies where votes can be weighed and not merely counted. Perhaps the better fortune of Liberals among the enlightened peasantry of East Anglia and the heroic and expectant Somersaets (or is it Somersaetan? for on this point the oracles have recently given most uncertain sounds) may have abated Mr. Gladstone's manly rage, and made him once more a good-tempered as well as a good and great Bawcock. The respective difficulties of maintaining a propriety of demeanour in good and evil fortune have, as is well known, excited much discussion among moralists. That great professor of ethics, Becky Sharp, thought that she would have no difficulty at all in being good upon a certain number of thousands a year. On the other hand, the usual copybook doctrine is to the opposite effect. To judge from the tomfoolery incident, Mr. Gladstone is rather of the Becky Sharp school, and so evidently is Mr. Childers. We have seen Mr. Childers's farewell address to the Pontefract electors somewhere described as "dignified"—which it certainly was, if Sir Charles Dilke's remarks last week were dignified. This Cabinet Minister of but the other day, this politician of life-long experience, cannot make his bow and accept his beating without accusing four hundred electors of breaking their word, without alluding to "notorious and lamentable circumstances," without politely reminding his friends that Pontefract "is the smallest and was one of the most corrupt of" English constituencies, or without talking of the numerous invitations he had refused to contest other constituencies. This last touch alone would seem to show that the excellent Mr. Childers has lost any sense of the ludicrous that he may once have possessed. The rejected suitor who enumerates the charming young women who would have been only too glad to have had him is certainly not a character unknown to satire in his combination of coxcombry and—what is it that Mr. Gladstone calls the other thing? But one does not exactly expect to find him in the robes—even the old and not now usable robes—of a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The great Liberal party, however, whether it is or is not going to return to power, will certainly have need of a very considerable return to common sense and dignity. We gave last week some specimens of the wooing of one candidate who was not successful; here are some from the testimonials of another who was. Both alas! may be called here φίλοι ἀνδρες—for there is a singular parallelism between our case and that of the great nation referred to by Mr. Thackeray, which not only could claim all the best but all the worst poets. The singular transmogrification which comes across a man when he appears as a Radical politician could hardly be better exemplified than in a document which lies before us commending Mr. J. F. Moulton, Q.C., F.R.S., and, as it turned out, successfully commending him to the suffrages of the

Liberal electors of Battersea and Clapham. The record of Mr. Moulton's achievements here given surpasses those of Mr. Cookson and Prince Giglio together. It seems, among other things, that Mr. Moulton "came out at the head of the list of the Oxford Senior All England Examinations"—a terrible and mysterious agony which we take not to refer to a general poll of all the old men in the kingdom, but to be identical with what is usually and less grandiloquently called the Oxford "Locals" or examination of middle-class schools and classes. At this, it seems, "the extraordinary number of his marks attracted great attention." The extraordinary number of Mr. Moulton's marks, indeed, seems to have quite fascinated his biographer, who speaks of him as if he was a spotted pard, or that marvellous butterfly which was exhibited a year ago in the Zoological Gardens. Again, when Mr. Moulton was senior wrangler and first prizeman "the extraordinary and unparalleled number of his marks" draws down panegyrics; and, yet again, we are informed of "the incredible number of his marks," this last showing a touch of incredulity which is not right. It seems that Mr. Moulton, by the said incredible number of marks, "found himself as much above the second wrangler as the second wrangler was above the sixtieth man on the list." This is, by the way, very pleasant for the other fifty-nine, two or three of whom are mentioned by the biographer. Then he goes on to describe Mr. Moulton's early Radicalism in 1868. "At that time," it is interesting to learn "only sixteen years ago, Radicalism was looked on with such horror and contempt that it is difficult to believe that so short a period has elapsed." Mr. Moulton's Boswell was probably in his cradle at that time, and is doubtless not aware that Radicalism had a large majority in that very year in scores of places where in 1885 it is in a miserable minority. It would be rather hard on the unfortunate subject of this kind of—(it is astonishing how that word of Mr. Gladstone's slips off one's tongue) to go on further with the analysis which shows how Mr. Moulton is a member of the Garrick Club; how "his family relations are such as he may well be proud of" (especially, no doubt, at seeing them trotted out in this way); how he has a nephew who has just taken a prize for a poem; and how he possesses, besides the nephew and the family relations, "transcendent ability," "incisive speech," "logical power," "tenacious grasp," "candour," "transparent honesty," and "happy humour." Happy? We should think so. For a man who has all this and a seat in Parliament besides ought to be happy. Let Mr. Moulton sacrifice something (his Boswell might do) to Nemesis. He cannot expect to receive this extraordinary number of blessings, to be *maculis insignis et albo* (distinguished by the incredible marks of the Oxford Senior All England Examinations and the candidate's gown of the Clapham contest) without paying some price for it. And, indeed, it may haply seem that to a man of Mr. Moulton's kind, finding himself, as Mr. Gladstone says—if we may turn Mr. Gladstone's noun into a participle—tomfoolered by some suburban Boswell, ought to be no mean punishment in itself. But who knows? Radicalism makes a man acquainted with strange ideals as well as with odd companions; and perhaps Mr. Moulton actually likes this talk about his nephew and his nephew's poems, and his domestic relations and his incredible number of marks.

It is not tomfoolery, we frankly acknowledge, which made Sir Henry Roscoe when he was invited to the St. Andrew's dinner at Manchester—a festival entirely non-political, and at which, as he must have known, a Tory nobleman was to preside, and one at least of his own Tory colleagues to be present—send a letter of apology stuffed with political references, and vaunting the political partisanship of Scotland. This is, we say, not tomfoolery; it is only bad taste pure and simple. Now, though most tomfoolery is bad taste, all bad taste is by no means tomfoolery. There is no tomfoolery at all, but much that is pleasing, in the "signs of the times," detected and deplored by Professor Blackie as drawbacks to the otherwise excellent condition of Liberal Scotland. These three signs are (1) that young Scotchmen are brought up "in ignorance of Bruce and Wallace, and in contempt of John Knox and the Covenanters"; (2) that the Scottish language, which it seems is "the lyrical organ of English" (why didn't those silly fellows Shakspeare and Shelley use it?), "is being neglected for foreign affectations," and (3) that "the young men who can sing a good Scottish song are growing fewer and fewer." This, we say, is not tomfoolery at all, but an amiable weakness like the fancy of Mr. Weller's friend for bigamy. It is a great pity that so few young Scotchmen (a good many more, however, than five years ago) sing that best of songs—

And oh! to see the deil gae hame,
Wi' a' the Whigs before him.

In Professor Blackie, however (let it be hoped that he will not expire with joy at the defeat of Mr. Munro Ferguson by a Blessed Glendover, or crofter of the Glens), there is nothing of the worse features of tomfoolery, the features illustrated so excellently by the right honourable user of the word, and by Sir Charles Dilke last week, and by Mr. Childers this week, and by the biographer of that very much marked man Mr. Moulton, and by the rest of them. Whatever may have been the good Scotch song which Professor Blackie had in his venerable eye when he made the above remarks, it must have been a more respectable one in matter than the song which Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Trevelyan and all the minor songsters of Gladstonianism are singing now. That song seems to be a reminiscence of the Laureate's

Two Voices, at least its refrain (which can be heard distinctly) is a kind of corrupt reading of Lord Tennyson:—

Drink to Fortane, drink to Chance,
While there yet are votes to win.
Drink to heavy Ignorance,
To the power that lets us In.

This, again, is not tomfoolery; it is something quite different, though the difference is by no means in the same direction as that which marks off Professor Blackie's harmless peculiarities. It must be acknowledged even in a certain harmony with Mr. Gladstone's own spirit in using the word which forms our text. For let it be remembered what it is which the Right Honourable member for Midlothian, the politician who has so often informed a backsliding world that what is morally wrong can never be politically right, designates as tomfoolery. It is voting according to conscience, and declining to accept Mr. Gladstone's dictates, Mr. Gladstone's recommendations, Mr. Gladstone's convenience, as the sole standard of electoral duty. There is something in the word as well as in the sentiment of the revered leader of the Liberal party which somehow or other reminds one of the famous card-table story. "Do? Back him, you fool!" said age to youth in the one case. "Do? Vote for him, you fool," says age to youth in the other. No matter that Lord Dalrymple's supporters must have outraged their religious conscience by voting for Mr. Dick Peddie; no matter that Sir J. Lawrence's supporters must have outraged their political conscience by voting for the egregious Mr. Wren. They are tomfools because they didn't, says Mr. Gladstone, most moral of statesmen and men.

And yet, when one thinks of the result of Mr. Gladstone's policy of assembling a party on this principle in the last Parliament, and trying to govern with it, the initial reflection somehow recurs. "Tomfoolery? No doubt. But who is the tomfool?"

THE PERCH.

OF all British freshwater fishes the perch is perhaps the most widely distributed. In nearly all the ponds and rivers of England and Ireland it is to be found, and in some of the waters in the south of Scotland. Further north it becomes rare. It is hard to ascribe a reason for the perch's dislike to Scotland; it cannot be the cold climate, as perch are found in Scandinavia and even in Lapland. For two reasons it is worth cultivation. It affords excellent sport, as all Thames, Kennet, and Waveney anglers will acknowledge; and what would riparian haunts be without the edible charms of *Perca fluviatilis*? Other charms he has, too, for he is one of the most beautiful fish in our islands. Frank Buckland said of the perch that "No lady's dress was ever made so beautiful as that of a perch's when he is in full season. His cuirass of scales is formed of a lovely bronze, with transverse bars of dark-green bronze, while the whole is shaded with a lovely peacock iridescence. His fins are coloured with a lovely tinge of red, such as we may sometimes see in the glass of very old church windows, or occasionally in Salviati's beautiful glass. Artists would do well to study the colouring of the perch. They will not find such brilliancy of colour or such a combination of tints in any flower." This extraordinary brilliancy of colouring bestowed on such a northerner as the British perch is more or less evanescent. "Age can wither" him, and an elderly perch is a very dusky object in comparison with the "chromatic beauty," as one writer puts it, of the rising generation.

The perch has come down to us from ancient days with a long pedigree of excellence. He was well known to the Greeks, and Aristotle wrote much about him under the name of *πέρκη*. In fact, his name of perch is derived from the adjective *πέρκος*, which was used to describe the dark shade of ripening olives, a colour which we find reproduced in the "transverse bars" that adorn *Perca fluviatilis*. These dark bars are sometimes the cause of a curious optical illusion, for, on looking down on a perch through clear still water, he appears absolutely transparent. The family of *Percide*, to which the perch belongs, is a very large one, distributed over all parts of the world, in salt water as well as in fresh. Amongst his cousins the perch can claim such ornaments to fish society as the stinging weever or "sea dragon," the labrax or "sea wolf," after whose name "in a Latin or Greek gradus," says Mr. Manley, "is found such a string of epithets denoting his rapacity, voracity, and fierceness that they make one's very blood run cold," the hideous "sky-gazer" of the Mediterranean, and the Nile perch, which even a crocodile is said to eschew. Of these *Acanthopteri*, or spinous-finned fishes, very few inhabit our waters, an immunity for which any one who has personally encountered a stinging weever or even handled a perch incautiously will feel grateful. The first dorsal fin of a perch is a weapon both of offence and defence. When he is placidly enjoying himself, when he has had a satisfying meal of the small red worms which his soul loves, and which are found in abundance in the wet soil by Thames side, then the perch sheathes his back fin. Like many people of one's acquaintance, when he has everything to his liking he can afford to be good-humoured; but let something occur to upset him (and a perch's temper has not got a very firm equilibrium), and in a moment he rushes at the offender, whatever he may be, with all his spines erect and bristling, and, as a French author aptly puts it, "il fait penser au chat." As to these spines Mr. Manley quaintly remarks, "I hardly know which is the least

easy to handle with any substantial comfort, a perch, a red-hot coal, or a lively hedgehog." Pike have been said to refrain from devouring perch on account of this dorsal fin; but this has been pretty well disproved, and certainly the many deaths from "sticklebackitis" amongst young jack would seem to denote that they are often rash enough to attempt to negotiate far pricklier food than a perch. Drayton alludes to this idea when he speaks of—

The perch with pricking fins, against the pike prepared.

A pike's intelligence, however, is quite sufficient to tell him that a perch swallowed, as they always are, head-foremost, would be a comparatively innocuous morsel, for the threatening fin would be closed down, like the ribs of a furled umbrella, when passing down the gullet. Once the perch is inside the pike knows his gastric juices too well to have further qualms. Perhaps it is the necessity of taking good aim when proceeding to swallow a perch that makes the pike fight shy of him in his hours of repletion, for a perch swallowed sideways would certainly give trouble. One of the old Saxon gods was represented standing with naked feet on the back fin of a perch, "as an emblem of patience in adversity and constancy in trial." In many places both in England and the south of Scotland small perch are considered the best taking bait for pike, and in Slapton Lea a perch with his back fin cut off is almost the only bait used for pike-fishing. Some writers suggest that it is on account of the unusually rough skin and closely-set scales of the perch that that all-devouring monster the pike is lenient towards him. However, it is hardly necessary to find reason for a fallacy. Pike are often caught in Sweden in a curious way, illustrative of their greed. Large perch swallow the baited hooks on the night-lines, and in their turn are swallowed by pike. In this case, however, it is, of course, impossible for the pike to swallow the perch head-foremost, and, though he is not actually hooked, yet the perch's spines set so fast in his throat and mouth that the fisherman draws both fish in together. Somewhat the same fate often overtakes the perch, too, when his greed makes him attempt to devour the formidable sticklebacks. The sharp-set spines of the back and ventral fins of the sticklebacks are driven into the membrane of the mouth of the perch, and cause "such fretting ulcerations as to lead to its destruction," as Mr. Couch remarked. The skin of the perch is remarkably thick; and Linnaeus gives the following account of the way by which the Laplanders convert it into glue in his *Lachesis Lapponica*:—"The glue used by the Laplanders for joining the two portions of different woods of which their bows are made is prepared from the common perch in the following manner:—Some of the largest of this fish being layed, the skins are first dried, and afterwards soaked in a small quantity of cold water, so that the scales can be rubbed off. Four or five of these skins being wrapped up together in a bladder or in a piece of birch bark, so that no water can get at them, are set on the fire in a pot of water to boil, a stone being laid over the pot to keep in the heat. The skins thus prepared make a very strong glue, inasmuch that the articles joined with it will never separate again. A bandage is tied round the bow while making to hold the two parts more firmly together." Linnaeus also described a deformed variety of perch, with the back greatly elevated and the tail distorted, which he found at Fahlun, in Sweden, and in other lakes in the north of Europe. Specimens of these "deformed" perch have also been found in Llyn Raithlyn, in Merionethshire, and there is a drawing of one of them in Daniel's *Rural Sports*; but they are looked upon as "accidents of nature" rather than a true and distinct breed. Albino perch, almost entirely white, have also been found in the waters of particular soils. Perch prefer lakes and the deeper and less rapid pools of rivers; a very swift current is to them an abomination, and if their lot is cast in a rapid stream, they will invariably be found near the bank or in backwaters. In the winter-time, when floods occur, perch are driven in vast numbers into any pool or eddy they can find, and it is then that the largest "takes" are made. Mr. Francis says that on these occasions "they are pulled out not in braces, dozens, or even scores, but often to the tune of hundreds. I have seen and helped to catch ten dozen and over out of one hole, and have heard of twice ten dozen being taken." It is at starvation times such as these that the perch merits his name of "the greedy perch, bold biting fool," as the Complimentary Ode to Izaak Walton has it; but at less rigorous seasons, and when they are not over-plentiful, there are few fish more intelligently wary than the perch. In waters that are much fished perch attain a degree of experience in the matter of bait and fishing-tackle which would do credit to many anglers, who often insult a perch's intelligence by fishing for him with a monstrous apparatus of hog's bristles, shots, and bone which they have bought at a tackle-maker's, and fondly believe to be the "right sort" of paternoster. As Mr. Francis rightly observes about such abominations, "if he (the perch) condescends to take your minnow at all, he will take it probably without the hook." There are several ways of fishing for perch, but paternostering from a punt is the most common and the most successful as to mere numbers. The largest and best fish, however, are more apt to take a spinning minnow, and in lakes they are said to take a spoon better than almost any other spinning bait. In this matter of spoons they have their predilections, and it is said they prefer the triangular spinner made of spoon metal (commonly known as the "otter") to the ordinary spoon. In some parts of the country perch are fished for with a fly; and, as they are not particular as to the fashion of the fly, a

showy one, with plenty of tinsel on the body, is most to be commended. One thing, however, that the angler should be careful to remember is that the perch has a rather tender mouth, and therefore needs delicate handling. He should neither be struck at too sharply nor played too roughly. Ponds in which perch are bred and kept for table should be carefully netted from time to time; perch breed so fast that if care is not taken to keep their numbers within bounds, they will soon overstock a pond. Mutual starvation is the result, and the owner is surprised to find that his perch are rapidly degenerating and becoming very small. The remedy to this state of things is to keep down their numbers, and to feed the survivors regularly; under these favourable circumstances the perch will grow and fatten rapidly. Perch vary in weight considerably according to the locality. On the Thames a perch of 4 lbs. or 4½ lbs. is looked upon as a monster and a rarity; and even a 2-lb. fish is considered a very satisfactory specimen. At Slapton Lea one was taken that weighed 6 lbs., his portrait and a record of his weight being figured in chalk on the wall of the bar-parlour. Another of the same weight was caught in the Birmingham Canal. Montagu mentions a perch of 8 lbs. that he saw taken on a night-line in the Avon which had been set for pike, and another eight-pounder was caught in Dagenham Breach. In the Norfolk Broads perch are both numerous and large. Mr. Davies, in his *Norfolk Broads and Rivers*, says that "four-pounders are frequently taken, and the Waveney produces some very large ones. A 7-lb. perch was taken some years ago out of the new cut from Reedham to Maddisloe, and others from 5 to 6 lbs. in weight have been taken in the Bure and on Ormesby Broad." The water-shrimp is the favourite bait for them. Pennant speaks of a perch, taken in the Serpentine, Hyde Park, that weighed 9 lbs. In Scandinavia and Lapland the perch attains a still larger size, and Bloch speaks of the head of a perch that is preserved in the church of Luelah, in Lapland, which measured 12 ins. from the point of the nose to the end of the gill-cover. Mr. Frank Buckland was not lucky enough to get hold of any of these perchy monsters, for the largest that came into his hands was one sent to him by Dr. Norman from Norfolk in 1868; it weighed 3 lbs. 2 oz. The quantity of ova varies very much in perch, but all authorities are agreed that it is very large. In one perch of half a pound weight 280,000 eggs were found, whereas in the Norfolk perch just mentioned Mr. Buckland only found 155,620, in spite of the greater size of the fish. According to Professor Owen the milt and roe are single in the different sexes. Perch have a most remarkable capacity for living out of water for a considerable period, a fact which should add greatly to their value as a marketable commodity. In some parts of Germany perch are caught and carried alive to market, sometimes a distance of forty or fifty miles, and if not sold, brought back to their tank or pond to await another occasion for sale. Few better fish come to table than a good river perch. Amongst the ancients he was held in high favour. Ausonius sang his praises, and thus addressed him:—

Nec te, delicis mensarum, Perca, ailebo.

Galen prescribed perch as good for invalids, and another author spoke rapturously of the "flower-like" odour of perch. Walton, speaking of his merits, quotes the proverb, "More wholesome than a perch of Rhine." Mr. Frank Buckland speaks of them as being used for "water souché," a dish beloved by most riparians, but pins his own faith to perch cooked by the fisherman as soon as caught, for which he gives the following "excellent receipt":—"Take the fish as caught, not drawn or otherwise cleaned, procure some stiff clay, and with it give the fish a thin coating about the sixteenth of an inch thick; failing the clay, lightly envelop it in several coatings of paper—newspaper will answer admirably; thoroughly saturate the paper by holding it in hot water, having previously lighted a fire of wood and sticks so as to produce a quantity of hot fire-holding embers. Give the fish in the case of clay twenty minutes therein; if the fish is in newspaper give them twenty minutes longer; time must be allowed according to size. Fish done in this way are perfection." No doubt they are; and a hungry fisherman's appetite will probably supply the best sauce for this worthy fish.

BISHOP NULTY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

CHRISTMAS is approaching, and our old friend, "the Most Reverend Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath"—we do not quite know why he has seen fit to dub himself and his "Most Reverend" brother, "Dr. Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham," with archiepiscopal dignity—comes forward with what is apparently intended as an appropriate Christmas offering. It is professedly held out as an olive-branch—perhaps, we might add, "an olive-branch discharged from a catapult"—an offer of peace and goodwill to men, more particularly—marvellous to relate—to Englishmen. Its immediate aim, as recorded on the title-page, is to insist on "the avowed hostility of the Radical party to Catholic education in voluntary schools, and the necessity of union between English and Irish Catholics to resist them." Its real object is to make a bid—not at all likely to be a successful one—for the English Catholic vote in the interests of Nationalism. And the reason why the appeal is addressed to Bishop Bagshawe is sufficiently obvious. It is not simply, as stated in the opening paragraph, because he thinks and speaks kindly of the Irish, and "writes elegantly and eloquently in their favour," but because he—and he alone, we believe, of the English Roman Catholic

bishops—has openly advocated a close alliance of English and Irish Catholics on the basis of the Nationalist programme. This was done in a series of letters to the *Tablet*, where moreover he took occasion, in spite of his sympathy with Fenianism, sharply to denounce the Primrose League, as "a Secret Society" which it is unlawful for any Catholic to join, amid the half angry, half amused protests of his English co-religionists, many of whom belong to the League, and who not unnaturally complained that he was doing his best to make their religion ridiculous in the eyes of their countrymen. Bishop Nulty indeed gratefully assures his Most Reverend Lordship of Nottingham that he and Cardinal Manning have done more than any two men living to create a feeling of international charity, and unite England and Ireland "in a supernatural brotherhood of peace, confidence, and mutual good-will." If so, we fear no two men can have done very much in that direction, for Bishop Bagshawe—much the more outspoken of the two—has certainly succeeded far better in provoking the hostility of his own co-religionists on this side of the Irish Channel than in smoothing down any "national prejudices" on the other. The current story of the old Irishwoman, who was requested by her English confessor "to say a Hail Mary for the conversion of England," and promptly refused, because "she wished to see all the English d—d," is not wholly incongruous with the present mental attitude of that "thoroughly Catholic nation." However Dr. Nulty—having, as we shall see presently, not only a request to formulate, but a hat to send round—is graciously pleased to say a word for "the great and brilliant galaxy of learned, disinterested, and self-denying converts, who are at present the pride and glory of the English Church," as well as for "English Catholics proper," who "are the lineal descendants of Confessors and Martyrs." But then these brilliant converts and lineal descendants of Saints and Martyrs have a corresponding duty to perform; and thus we are brought to the root of the matter. *Noblesse oblige*. The Irish Parliamentary Party—that is the Nationalists—have received a commission to extort from the coming Parliament "our rights and liberties," and the fact that the claim will be made "by the practically unanimous vote of a thoroughly Catholic nation," is alone sufficient reason for granting it, still more, sufficient reason for all English Catholics to endorse the claim. Whether a nation which has "virtually" blotted three commandments out of the Decalogue could in any case be regarded as "thoroughly Catholic," is perhaps a point on which Dr. Nulty has a better right to speak with authority than we have, but he seems at all events to have forgotten that a considerable section of his thoroughly Catholic nation is strongly Protestant. He must also have forgotten that the Nationalist demand for separation is not the unanimous voice of the nation, but, as Lord Bramwell pointed out the other day in the *Times*, of about two-thirds of it only.

We need not follow Dr. Nulty into his disquisition on the supreme importance of a religious education, partly because to a large extent we agree with him here, as unquestionably do the great body of his own co-religionists in this country, and a very large proportion of the Church of England also, who are quite ready to co-operate with them in the matter; chiefly because that is rather the pretext than the real motive of his brochure. But when he goes on to speak in this connexion of the "diabolical design of the Infidels and Atheists of France," it becomes necessary to remind him how the acknowledged leader—or lay "Pope," as they have themselves styled him—of the very party to whose hands he and his fellow-bishops of Ireland have "specially entrusted the guardianship of the interests of Irish Catholic education" hobbled in the most familiar fashion with these same "Infidels and Atheists" at Paris. He can hardly therefore be surprised, even apart from other and more directly pressing objections, that his English co-religionists should be disposed to meet his officious overtures with *Non tali auxilio*. He may be quite correct in accrediting Mr. Chamberlain with the fixed determination and purpose of destroying the English voluntary schools on the first favourable opportunity, but it does not therefore follow that, by refusing to accept Nationalist aid on the condition of Nationalist leadership, "English Catholics have placed themselves in as false, painful, humiliating, and unenviable a position as their worst enemies could wish to see them in." They may not unreasonably prefer to follow the advice of their own bishops and vote for the Conservatives, instead of trusting their interests to "the able and experienced party" led by Mr. Parnell, and not the less so when they find how complacently their Irish episcopal monitor is ready to accept the Radical programme on all points but one, for we may be very sure that his charge of "irreligion and godlessness" is not intended to include the Disestablishment policy, to which the great body of English Roman Catholics, as well as their responsible leaders, have shown themselves firmly opposed. "If," says Bishop Nulty, "Mr. Chamberlain were only a true Christian, or, failing that, if he had not given himself up body and soul to a fanatical propagandism of irreligion and godlessness and Board Schools, there is no man I would rather see in power." He had specified a few pages earlier "three acres and a cow," as the other chief article of the Radical programme, which he thus implicitly approves.

But, to do his "Most Reverend" Lordship justice, he does not altogether blink the real point of his contention; nor was it indeed well possible for him to do so. He fully admits that to accept Nationalist aid for the protection of religious education in England means to aid the Nationalists in acquiring "legislative independence" in Ireland, though he of course refrains from

explaining that the latter is the real object of his appeal. Neither again did that need explanation.

But it may be said that if English Catholics accepted Irish Parliamentary aid for the protection of Catholic voluntary schools, they would thereby virtually bind themselves to strengthen Mr. Parnell's hands in the coming Elections, and commit themselves to his Parliamentary Programme. But Mr. Parnell's Parliamentary Programme now practically confines itself to one great measure, the Legislative Independence of his country. English Catholics will find it hard to convince the world that the simple right of governing itself, which is now claimed by the unanimous voice of a thoroughly Catholic nation, is intrinsically an essential evil—a *malum in se*—and an evil of such magnitude that rather than co-operate in its attainment, even in an infinitesimal degree (and English Catholics at their very best could do no more), the lesser of the two evils is—to let Catholic Education, the Catholic religion itself, and the salvation of the souls of their own countrymen, go.

But the sting of the letter is in the tail, and there is a further and more directly practical object to be gained even than securing English Catholic support for the Irish Nationalist platform. It is of course most important to give a fresh impetus to "the brilliant success achieved by the Irish Party in the late session of Parliament," as well through "their high intellectual gifts, their unrivalled eloquence, and their splendid natural abilities"—meaning, we presume, their splendid natural ability for obstruction, which nobody disputes—as their complete mastery, in principle and in detail, of every question that came up for discussion.

But it is not enough to support the party without also subsidizing its accredited leaders. "Acting on these enlightened tactics [of obstruction] there can hardly be a doubt that Mr. Sexton will be the authoritatively accredited advocate of Catholic Education in the coming Parliament. I know no living man so highly qualified or so richly gifted for the efficient and successful discharge of that most important duty." And then follows more than a page full of "elegant and eloquent" panegyric of that great, enlightened, and peculiarly "persuasive" statesman. But what then? Irish statesmen, however great, enlightened, and patriotic, cannot be expected to do their work for nothing; that is a self-denying ordinance which may suit the heretic Saxon, but outrages the warmer susceptibilities of the orthodox Celt. He may have one eye on the supreme interests of Catholic Education and National Independence, but it is only natural and fitting that he should keep the other fixed on his own breeches-pocket; it is a case of *rem, quomodo rem*, as poor Dr. Cumming would have put it.

A great, popular, and enthusiastic public movement has lately been set on foot to organize and prepare a National Testimonial to be presented to Mr. Sexton, in grateful recognition of the splendid services he has already rendered to his country and his religion. It appears to me that Irishmen in England ought to fall into line with Irishmen at home, and join cordially and enthusiastically in this movement.

I see no reason why English Catholics either should hold aloof from it, and I hardly think they will (?).

We are unwilling to throw a damper on these generous and disinterested expectations, but—judging from past experience, and from the line taken by all their more prominent spokesmen—we "hardly think they will" do what Dr. Nulty thus modestly suggests. And we may just notice in conclusion one consideration which is not unlikely to weigh with them in the opposite scale. During the last five years, if we are not misinformed, the down-trodden and impoverished Irish Celt, who is wholly unable to pay a farthing of his rent, has managed to expend some 58,000*l.* in testimonials to various needy patriots; and the nation is now, it appears, engaged in what Dr. Nulty calls "the performance of a duty" in getting up a magnificent testimonial, "worthy of themselves and worthy of the man the nation wishes to honour, to Mr. Sexton." Be it so. But there is an old proverb current on this side of the Irish Channel, that men should be just before they are generous. And it may not improbably occur to the less enlightened English Catholic that, before undertaking the "duty" of providing magnificent testimonials for writers in the *Nation*—which not long ago denounced the late editor of the *Tablet* as "a half-converted British Philistine"—his Celtic brother might advantageously discharge the humbler duty of paying his just debts, instead of adopting the cheaper but more questionable alternative of repudiating his liabilities and "potting" his defrauded landlord from behind a hedge. May we venture to commend that homely, but to them novel, view of the situation to the "thoroughly Catholic nation" and its "most reverend" pastors and prelates?

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THREE years have sufficed for this Society to give their walls a sincerely artistic, instead of a low commercial, aspect. They no longer exact from each work a superficial and inartistic smattering of every cheap quality; they boldly hang whatever is really good and sincere of its kind. Much rubbish, of course, may still be found by an anxious inquirer; but, on the whole, good honest work of the sort once hid in corners is now more prominent here than in any other English exhibition. Strange to say, much of it is by the members themselves; and this reflects great credit on the older painters of the Society, who have not only hung, but have elected, the men who are destined to lead the van of English art.

Mr. Whistler is perhaps the most important addition to the list. He, like Mr. Legros, has long exerted a powerful but generally unacknowledged influence on the young school of England. These gentlemen value and inculcate originality; neither owes his

sentiment to Paris—at most they have learnt there to aim at the decorative and constructive, rather than the literary and anecdotic, on canvas. Mr. Whistler's most important exhibit (362) is an "Arrangement in Black—Portrait of Mrs. Cassatt." It is conceived in the same scale of colour as the "Señor Sarasate" of the spring exhibition. The general tone is, however, less luminous and aerial, the texture less vibrating, and the modelling less intimately suggestive. Such as it is, the picture, however, is impressive enough; and the only fault we can find in it is a certain stiffness and inelegance in the lower part of the figure and in the composition of the drapery. Amongst this artist's many smaller sketches, we noticed one (568) bearing on its frame the Whistlerian legend "*Horsley soit qui mal y pense.*" Several pictures are interesting as works, or studies for works, that have figured to advantage in the Paris Salon. We have Mr. W. T. Daunat's "Portrait of Eva Haviland" (225), finely and simply modelled in a mellow, creamy colour; we have his "Study of the Head of an Aragonese Smuggler," painted in a very clever, broad mosaic of square touches; we have Mr. W. Stott's large and very simple night-scene, "Moonrise" (292), something quite new, impressive, and personal; we have Mr. Harrison's "Study—Bathing Scene" (71), in which the shadow is colder, more trenchant, and less modelled, the light more coloured than in the large Salon picture for which it was made; we have Mrs. Wally Moe's "His Mother's Prop," a rough bold figure-work in the uncompromising realistic manner of Roll. Amongst many other excellent figure-pictures, mention may be made of Mr. R. T. Gordon's "Ophelia" (207), a fine bold scheme of rich green and gold, handled with a loose and hasty, but sincere, touch; Mr. Shannon's "Thoughts" (267), very delicate and sober in colour; Mr. Harper Pennington's "Two Ballet Girls" (605), a graceful pastel, in which the firm drawing of the feet, ankles, and the general sweep of the figures speak of strength as well as elegance; his refined "Study in Yellow and Grey" (102); his "Child's Head" (105), which, bathed as it is in soft light, seems to demand a crisp touch or two to steady and focus the effect. These, and others too numerous to mention, are remarkably large and impressionist; and, though some are of very delicate texture, all are free from triviality and worrying detail. In landscape there is much strong, broad, and notable work—as, for instance, Mr. Edwin Nichol's "Sunlight and Shadow" (49), a fine big Constable-like composition, with rolling clouds and a huge aerial shadow floating over the foreground; Mr. Jacob Hood's refined sea-piece, hazy and tender (282); Mr. Edwin Ellis's strong but somewhat brutal "Village on the Cliff" (199); Mr. Percy Belgrave's "December Afternoon" (301), grave, sober, full of natural sentiment, and handled with a broad but unstudied touch; Mr. Aubrey Hunt's admirable "Cloudland" (342), a picture quiet in tone, yet high and luminous, almost empty of objects, yet full of facts of air and distance; Mr. Leslie Thomson's solid, thorough, and unaffected landscape, "The Skylark" (308), and Mr. J. S. Hill's solemn, mellow, and luminous canvas, entitled "The Avon, Christchurch" (370). There are some more decidedly "impressionistic" sketches by Messrs. Walter Sickert, R. Toovey, M. F. Jones, A. D. Peppercorn, A. M. Rossi, M. L. Menpes, J. E. Blanche, and others. The sculpture (what there is of it) is very well placed. Mr. T. Nelson MacLean's "Yes or No" (670) and Mr. Lee's well-modelled Bronzes (673 and 672) are specially noticeable for their sound workmanship and graceful pose.

THE RECOVERY OF TURKEY.

THE evidence afforded by Turkey of recuperative energy is perhaps the most surprising result of the present crisis in South-Eastern Europe. Seven years ago Turkey appeared utterly crushed. Her armies had been disastrously defeated; the Russians had dictated peace at the gates of Constantinople; she was deprived of rich and populous provinces; and she was condemned to pay an indemnity which it is out of her power to discharge. The Treaty of Berlin, too, was rigorously carried out in everything that was unfavourable to her, while in everything that was favourable it was disregarded. By friends and foes alike it was assumed then that she existed on mere sufferance; that the first popular movement in the Balkan Peninsula would lead to the realization, at least in Europe, of Mr. Gladstone's "bag-and-baggage" policy. And the outbreak of the revolution in Eastern Roumelia at first seemed to lend countenance to the general opinion. The Sultan looked on in apparent helplessness while his Governor-General was being expelled from Eastern Roumelia and that province was being united to Bulgaria. There was not sufficient force either in Constantinople itself or in Macedonia to occupy Eastern Roumelia, and the opportunity passed before anything could be done. But suddenly the Sultan displayed an energy which was certainly little expected from him. The reserves were called out all over the Empire, and they responded to the call, if not with enthusiasm, at least with a loyal promptitude that is not a little striking. Arms, ammunition, and equipment of every kind have been furnished; ships have been chartered to convey them to the European provinces, and they have been pushed forward in extraordinary haste. At the port of Salonica alone it is said that over seventy thousand men have already been landed; the Constantinople garrison has been greatly increased; there is a sufficient force in Albania to keep the wild tribes there in check; there is an army on the Greek frontier sufficient, it is believed, to crush

the Greeks; and upon the frontier of Eastern Roumelia there is another large force. The navy, too, is being refitted and made ready for war, and the defences of the Empire in every quarter are being put in an effective state. What all this means will be better understood if we recall to mind a few passages from recent history. It is very little more than two months since the revolution in Eastern Roumelia occurred, and it took more than that time to fit out seventy thousand men when Lord Beaconsfield's Government was preparing for a possible Russian War. It may be replied that England is always unprepared, and that her example counts for nothing. When the Emperor Napoleon III. declared war against Prussia, and prepared to cross the Rhine, he was unable to put in the field a force as large as the Sultan is now said to have with the colours. The corruption and speculation practised in the French War Office and by French generals were notorious; but they certainly were not more scandalous than those attributed to Turkish pashas. Again, when the late Ozar was preparing for the Russo-Turkish War, he began to mobilize his army in the autumn; yet at Plevna he was unable to bring up three hundred thousand men, and his troops were saved from disaster only by the assistance of the Roumanians. Compared with any of these instances, it will be seen that the military resources and military readiness of Turkey do not show to disadvantage.

But surprising as it is to find that the military organization of Turkey is so good and the loyalty of its army reserves so unshaken, it is still more astonishing to discover that the Ottoman Government has the financial means of massing such a formidable force. We know from recent experience how costly military preparations are. Though we did not send a man to India last spring, nor add a battalion to the army, we have all had reason to know how costly the preparations then made have proved. But the Turkish Government has called up its reserves from every part of its vast Empire; has transferred them to the European frontier; has chartered numerous ships; has refitted the fleet and has collected *matériel* of war; and yet it has not borrowed. By an arrangement with the Smyrna and Cassaba Railway Company, it is true, it has obtained half a million sterling, and it has been in negotiation with the Imperial Ottoman Bank as well as with Baron de Hirsch for advances; but it has refused the terms both of the Imperial Ottoman Bank and of Baron de Hirsch as too onerous. Were the Government in real stress for money, it would be compelled to accept any terms, however usurious. Therefore the decision of Ministers not to borrow from the State Bank or to accept Baron de Hirsch's terms concerning the Eastern railways is evidence that the Ottoman Government is, for the moment at least, not in urgent need of money. This is even more unexpected than the military strength exhibited. Ten years ago Turkey repudiated its debt, and only after the disasters of the war with Russia entered into negotiations with its creditors and came to a compromise. Its credit, in consequence of the repudiation and the disasters of the war, of the loss of territory that followed, and of the general disorganization which was said to be apparent all over the Empire, has naturally been destroyed. Yet the Ottoman Government has gone on paying the reduced interest upon the debt as agreed to in its convention with Mr. Bourke—a sum which exceeds two millions a year—has refrained from touching this surplus revenue, while incurring all the military expense referred to; and at the same time, as we have said, has borrowed only about half a million. Of course it must have incurred a floating debt in some shape. Many of its contracts, perhaps, have been entered into with the understanding that immediate payment will not be demanded. The pay of the army probably, too, is in arrear, and the conveyance of the troops possibly also has been defrayed by means of promises. But, allowing for all this, the fact is undeniable that somehow or other Turkey has a surplus revenue which she can draw upon in case of need sufficient to bear the cost of very considerable military operations. Over and above this surplus revenue she has, as we have said, the annuity she pays to her public creditors, and she has, finally, other resources, such as railways, mines, and the like, upon which she could raise very considerable sums. It follows from all this that the reforms of the German officials who have been employed in the Finance Ministry must have had much better results than has generally been supposed. No great or striking reforms have been effected. The tithe is still exacted in its crudest and most wasteful form, and, in fact, no real reform of taxation has been carried out. Yet the officials referred to must at least have succeeded in stopping much of the speculation and waste that had been formerly going on. Although the mode of collection of the taxes is as bad as bad can be, and takes out of the pockets of the taxpayers very much more than reaches the coffers of the State, it would seem that what does reach the coffers of the State is now taken care of much more effectually than it formerly was, and consequently that the revenue, though smaller than it was before the war, is probably made to go further than it did then.

The military and financial strength thus shown by Turkey proves that she is even still an important element in any settlement of the Eastern question. With good generalship she would prove a very formidable antagonist to Russia, while in alliance with a Power capable of affording her financial assistance and of supplying her with military skill, she might play a decisive part. In the late war she succumbed mainly from want of good officers. There were several occasions on which a really capable commander might have turned the whole course of the campaign. And

there is no reason to suppose that the present officers are better educated or more competent than their predecessors. The patient valour and dogged resolution of the Turkish soldiers go far to make up for the errors of their commanders. At any rate, they ensure a stubborn resistance to any enemy, however powerful. And we now see that the means of bringing large armies into the field actually exist. Thus the events of the past two months prove beyond dispute that in any solution of the Eastern question not only will Turkey have to be taken into account, but that she will play an important part. Manifestly her Government is determined to make its voice heard at the decisive moment. That comes out quite clearly from the extraordinary efforts it is making to put itself in a complete state of preparedness, and not less from the extreme caution and prudence it is displaying. Neither the urgency of Russia, nor the encouragement of Austria-Hungary and Germany, nor its own natural desire to reassert its authority in the vassal province, and to occupy the line of the Balkans, has tempted it to interfere in Eastern Roumelia. Nor, again, has it affected to regard the action of Serbia as a *casus belli*. Nor, further, has it attempted to restrain Prince Alexander from following up his successes. Lastly, it has not addressed an ultimatum to Greece, nor committed itself in any way to a quarrel with her. With a wariness that suggests a firm purpose and a knowledge of secrets hidden from the outside world, the Sultan has so steered his course that he is free to act with or against any of the contending nationalities in the Balkan Peninsula and their Imperial backers, while he has made a demonstration of strength calculated profoundly to impress them all.

SAN.

IN curious contrast to the apathy of which complaint used to be made in these columns a few years ago, the progress of English research in Egypt goes on now by leaps and bounds. The American investigator keeps pace with us; the pleasant rivalry of the two nations is laid aside in favour of the Egypt Exploration Fund, which draws its income from both sides of the Atlantic, and Mr. Petrie and Mr. Gardiner have just started for the fields where they have already reaped such flourishing laurels. Simultaneously with Mr. Petrie's departure the first instalment of his report on the excavations at San makes its appearance, and we have for the first time an opportunity of judging clearly of the work he is doing, and of the way in which he is doing it. The most prominent characteristic of Mr. Petrie's work is the absence of what most readers find so charming in Wilkinson and Taylor, and even in Mariette and other writers on Egyptological questions; he is no theorist. He goes to his work with his mind like that of the proverbial baby of Locke, "like a blank sheet of paper." The best result of this attitude is that when a discovery is made there is nothing to be brushed away, nothing to be taken into consideration, nothing to be refuted. Mr. Petrie states a fact. If it will not square with somebody else's theory, so much the worse for the theory. There are, it is to be feared, many English archaeologists who approach their special subjects in a totally different frame of mind, and among them one or two Egyptologists; but, on the whole, it must be allowed that, though Mr. Whitehouse or Mr. Piazza Smyth fascinates the general reader, and perhaps thereby spreads and maintains the popular love of Egyptian research and the popular interest in the mysteries of antiquity, a book like Mr. Petrie's on the Pyramids, or like M. Naville's report on Pithom, or the Catalogue of the Museum at Boolak which M. Maspero has recently completed, makes a more abiding impression, and will be read and trusted long after the most brilliant theories are forgotten.

Only last week we had occasion to call attention to a theory as to the situation of Goshen, a theory in itself so charming, and, indeed, for the moment so convincing, that nothing short of M. Naville's actual discovery of the real Pithom, the real Rameses, the real Kesun, or Goshen, would have served to refute it. So, too, Mr. Petrie's report comes in to identify San so entirely beyond all future possibility of controversy or doubt that a multitude of fascinating guesses are destroyed at a stroke. There can no longer exist the slightest shadow of a question that "San, Tanis, Taan, Zoan" are one and the same, and that the ruins of the capital of Lower Egypt during many dynasties and centuries have been discovered. As we observed last week, it is always unsafe to ignore well-authenticated tradition; and the universal testimony of ages has been to the identity of "Sah-el-Hagar" with "Taan, the city of Sheshonk, of Pisebkhau, of the usurping Si-amen, and of the magnificent egotist Ramesu II.," to quote Mr. Petrie. And below the capital of Rameses, "there must lie the older town, the town of the bearded Hyksos, the fishy people, the worshippers of Sutekh, who honoured and adorned the early temple"; and yet beneath that, again, he looks to find the remains of the city built by the kings of the Twelfth Dynasty, "who first established this as their capital to hold in check the pushing Semitic invaders." Mr. Petrie has found indications of all these periods, and does not doubt that only time, money, and industry are necessary for larger and clearer discoveries. His account of his Arab diggers, interesting as it is, and useful as showing how he goes to work, must be passed over here, and a few lines devoted to showing the results of his researches. They extend far beyond what could have been expected, and the earliest name found throws back the origin of the city far beyond any-

thing previously suspected. The pyramid-builders were here, and left their marks, unless the inscriptions were imported bodily from Denderah, as Mr. Petrie suspects; but of the red granite colossus of Amenemhat I., of the Twelfth Dynasty, there is no doubt that it belongs to San; and clustered columns of the same period, similar to those at Beni Hassan, were also discovered. Next came a black granite statue of Useresen I., the successor of Amenemhat, and so on, the names of four or five kings and queens of this dynasty having been read on fragments of sculpture. It is curious to note that nearly all had been appropriated by later kings, and especially by Rameses II. and his son Merenptah, usually called the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Two great red granite Sphinxes of the Twelfth Dynasty, an obelisk in the same hard stone, and a smaller Sphinx were also identified, though most of them had two or three sets of later inscriptions. Of the Thirteenth Dynasty many monuments were also found; and the care which Mr. Petrie took, wherever he suspected a palimpsest to exist, both by looking at the inscriptions "in slanting sunlight" and by photographing, revealed traces of old kings' names which had never before been identified. The obscurity of this period, when, as is supposed, the Shepherd Kings came into Egypt, is so great as to justify this trouble, and it was well rewarded. But the greatest interest attaches to the monuments of these Shepherd Kings, of which the few known nearly all come from San. "They are all distinguished by an entirely different type of face to any that can be found on other Egyptian monuments, a type which cannot be attributed to any other known period." They are all in a black or dark grey granite of peculiar character, answering well to what we know of "a race who only held the Delta and occasionally more or less of middle Egypt." They had no access to the red granite quarries of Syene, where the old native princes still remained, but they brought the black stone from the neighbouring Sinai. Besides the scanty remains of this race at San, Mr. Petrie enumerates a few monuments elsewhere as being of the same stone and the same character. Some were found at Tel el Maskhuta, which M. Naville has identified beyond all doubt with Pithom. Mr. Petrie notices that the Hyksos inscriptions "are always in a line down the right shoulder, never on the left; and on the great Sphinx in the Louvre the Hyksos name is on the right side of the base." This honouring of the right shoulder he takes to be an indication in itself of the Semitic origin of this people, and analogous to the particular offering of the right shoulder continually enjoined in the Jewish law; "the right shoulder shall ye give unto the priest," Leviticus vii. 32.

Of the Rameside period, that of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties, the period, in all probability, of the captivity and the Exodus, Mr. Petrie has discovered and recorded many interesting traces, but strange to say, none of the still greater dynasty of Thothmes and Amenhotep, the eighteenth, who, according to all Egyptian historians, were the greatest who ever reigned in the valley of the Nile. The absence of their names at San is a nice little fact for the theorists. What will they do with it? Mr. Petrie condescends to notice that "some persons" hold that it points to the continuance here of the Hyksos until the conquests of Rameses, but he pronounces no opinion on the subject. The remains of the great temple are of the time of Rameses, and somewhere in the neighbourhood of its pylon stood the colossus already referred to, probably, as Mr. Petrie shows, near the entrance. It must have been between eighty and a hundred feet in height, and over the long, flat roof of the temple must have towered up, "head, shoulders, and body even, above everything else, with stony eyes gazing across the vast plain." Mr. Petrie found sixteen blocks of granite built into a later pylon which had been cut from this statue, and to this day San is the quarry of all the neighbourhood. Every time stone is wanted for a mosque, a tomb, or a house, the Arabs wander over the ruins hammer in hand, and every block of cleavable stone and all fragments of statues are carried off by the boatload. The description of the temple, as restored in Mr. Petrie's mind's eye, is striking in the extreme. The double pylon, the avenue of monolithic columns, shaft and capital in one piece, thirty-six feet in height, among which the trilingual "Decree of San" was found; the avenue of obelisks, four pairs of which stood within a length of one hundred and fifty feet, with two sandstone colossal statues of Rameses among them; the great historical series of regal statues, ranging from Amenemhat I. of the Twelfth Dynasty to Rameses himself; and the sanctuary, now so utterly destroyed that it is impossible to restore it with certainty—all these things Mr. Petrie tells of in a picturesque and pleasant style, leaving nothing to conjecture or theory, and giving such exact proof for everything he asserts as, no matter how wonderful the object he describes, gives no room for doubt or controversy.

The antiquities which Mr. Petrie has been able to bring home are few in number and small in size, but important in establishing the truth and accuracy of his report. We described them when they were exhibited at the rooms of the Royal Archaeological Institute, and need only note here that they have been distributed to the British Museum and to the museums of those towns of England and America which contributed to the Exploration Fund. This has also been done with the remains brought from the Greek city of Naucratis which Mr. Petrie discovered last year, as we have already detailed. It is, we venture to think, desirable that this indefatigable and acute explorer should return to purely Egyptian research, as we understand he has done this year. Greek antiquities have many students.

We grudge Mr. Petrie to them. His qualifications for Egyptian research are probably unrivalled. He makes friends among the people, and has no difficulty in finding workmen. Unlike some explorers, he has uniformly won their confidence, even when, as they supposed, he was destroying their crops. In view of the revived interest in Egyptology, to which we have referred with such pleasure, the labours of so successful a pioneer should be encouraged, not alone in the interests of science, but in the interests, too, it must be confessed, of our reputation as scientific students of a history which almost more than any other interests us as a nation, and which for nearly a generation we have neglected, and left to German and French scholars.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

ONE of Mendelssohn's best Overtures, that of the incidental music to Racine's *Athalie*, stood first on last Saturday's programme. The grave and sonorous pomp with which the wind band enters on the march-like opening theme, "Maestoso con Moto," is a fitting preparation for a "Solemn Musick." Tuneful passages on the soft, yet guttural, tones of the wood-wind and the bell-like notes of the harp lead to a phrase on the horn, which determines a change to a quick and fiery movement, "Molto Allegro," in D minor, varied by an occasional return to the relative major in passages of gentler melody. After several hesitations and hints, the first theme bursts in nobly, and is worked up to a majestic and stirring conclusion.

Handel's *Concerto for Harp*, with accompaniment of two flutes and a stringed orchestra, is new to the Palace concerts. Like Bach's *Concerto*, played on November 7, it is one of those pieces of instrumental music which, long buried from the public, seem to have been specially made for such semi-private concerts as Georges Sand delighted to describe in *Consuelo*. Almost monochrome in colour, full of pomp and fire in its subjects and stately conventionality in its forms, this music seems only meant for a courtly society and a minuetting age. Mr. Lockwood played the important harp part with excellent feeling for the Handelian phrase and sentiment. His instrument was, of course, a very different affair from the one for which Handel wrote. The simplicity of the harp of the composer's days as well as the taste of the time necessitated simplicity of modulation. This, and the continual "praxis, or opposition of passages," of the harp and strings, though rich in effect at first, would become wearisome to most modern auditors, were it not for the incessant invention and consistent dignity of the style. Great praise is due to the admirable choice of the Palace programmes. Specimens of new and advanced workmanship of all sorts, such as the Symphonies of Berlioz, are by no means neglected; while forgotten gems of old schools are allowed to shine for a brief moment. While on the subject of old music, let us remind Mr. Manns that there exist almost unexplored mines in the operas and ballet music of the Chevalier Gluck.

The *Symphonic Fantastique* of Berlioz was, of course, the *pièce de résistance* of the entertainment. This work and its sequel, *Lélio*, were written under the spell of a strong passion for Miss Smithson, the actress and exponent of Shakspeare's plays to *Romantiques* of 1830; and, at a concert she attended, it was intentionally performed as a kind of declaration of love on the part of its then poor and unknown composer. Happily or unhappily, Henrietta Smithson comprehended it, reciprocated, and finally married Berlioz. What Berlioz calls an *idée fixe* (which is, in the more modern phrase, a *leit-motif* descriptive of the lady) appears in the course of the first part, *Réveries et Passions*, and constantly recurs in the following movements. First of these comes the melodious and elegant *Scène du Bal*. Here the orchestra hardly did justice to the astonishing *verve* of the melody, which, as it were, pivots on itself and gyrates in graceful swinging curves which seem to spin you along on an irresistible tide of speed and grace. Unity of meaning and refinement of effect distinguish the *Scène aux Champs*, except perhaps in the very realistic thunder with which it closes. This is the freak of the youthful and irrepressible *Romantique*, and can hardly be called legitimate music. In the *Marche au Supplice* there are passages that fail by reason of a preposterous overstraining of effect; but for all that the power, originality, and sombre fury of most of this wonderful March have never been matched in music. The last movement, *Songs d'une Nuit de Sabbat*, though a miracle of science and technical daring, goes still further in eccentricity of sentiment. The opheleides overpower you till their effect palls; indeed, the elephantine activity of the heavy brass soon becomes almost ludicrous; in contrast the trombones appear bright and trumpet-like. In spite of all this, however, there is no doubt that the music has been, as it were, forged molten; it grips you at the moment, and has a characteristic of all fervid and sincerely emotional art; it sweeps away all memory of what has been previously played. The orchestra, cold in the first parts, warmed well to their work at the end, and the complicated and involved structure of the *Sabbat* was clearly and spiritedly expressed.

The vocalist was Miss Amy Sherwin, who possesses the gift, not so common as it might be, of a really pure intonation. Her best song was Schubert's *Du bist die Ruh!*, which would be welcome on the programme of any concert, even the most classical. Félicien David's romance, "Couplets du Mysoli" (*La Perle du Brésil*), can be tolerated, were it only for the sake of listening to

Mr. Alfred Wells's mellow tones in the flute obligato; but Lassen's "Whither" has very little beauty to recommend it, and no dramatic propriety. Song is the section of music most feebly represented at the Palace; yet in the forgotten operas of Handel, Gluck, Cherubini, Spontini, and many others, there is to be found plenty of noble and dramatic music, which would have all the interest of novelty nowadays.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

JUDGING from the general insipidity of the exhibition in Pall Mall East, painting in water-colours is in a bad way with the members of the Society. An enervate spirit characterizes, with few exceptions, the whole show, and the namby-pamby school whose designs realize nothing but mere prettiness carry all before them with much feeble-forcible work of the first rank. The walls suggest a bazaar of pretty objects wrought for children whose hyper-sensitive nerves and hot-house training cannot bear the breadth, the colour, the dignity of unadulterate nature. One marvels how a branch of art, once so peculiarly national, can have descended to so extraordinary a proscription of all its nobler attributes. In the place of colour, we have an almost universal pallor or monochrome, combined with brush-work. That might possibly mean something in black and white, but denotes in water-colour a feverish striving after subtlety. In all this we discern nothing but unconscious travesty of Pinwell and Walker, and a determined conflict with all that is robust and sound in the practice of the masters. Prettiness is beaten out fine in Mr. Birket Foster's large chromo-like landscape, "Highland Scene near Dalmally" (88), which subdivides naturally into many "bits," each equal in value and effect to the whole—which is absurd in geometry, though not so, apparently, in art. Mr. C. Gregory's "Fringe of the Common" (20) has qualities of colour and atmosphere that place it far above the former work, yet it also is disorderly in composition. Still worse in this respect is Mr. J. W. North's garden-scene, "The Authoress" (145), with its inconceivable figure. This and other feeble work ill represent Mr. North's sensitive insight and keen observation. Most of the artists to whom we look to support the reputation of the Society make but a poor show this winter. Mr. A. W. Hunt, for instance, does not reveal himself in the weak study "Warkworth Sands" (75), or in the landscape "Warkworth" (169). Mr. C. Gregory has given more than one transcript of the old Cinque Port more effective—we will not say cleaner or natter—than his "Rye" (136); his study of another seaport, "Dieppe" (228), with some well-grouped figures, has a more spontaneous and inspired quality. Miss Clara Montalba's always honest and vigorous brush is admirably employed in the broad and richly-harmonized "View of Middelburg" (149), as in several other drawings of Dutch scenery. Of Mr. W. E. Lockhart's views of Lincoln, the first (214) is somewhat hard and unfeeling in its literal and precise rendering of architecture, and less atmospheric than the "Lincoln—Sunset" (236). Among the few works that are touched with imagination must be mentioned Mr. Albert Goodwin's "Streathley" (54) and "Requiem" (174)—a beautiful study of figures on the sea-shore, eloquent with sentiment. Of the figure-studies and pictures the most notable are Mr. H. S. Mark's "The Postman" (178), Carl Haag's "Hassan Ali" (17), Mr. Henry Wallis's brilliant "Smyrna Bazaar" (24), and Mr. Glindoni's humorous though rather incredible "Conchologists" (131). Mr. Brewtall's "An Interloper" (152)—a flock of sheep surprised by a dog while feeding on a down—is remarkable for clever rendering on so small a scale of the moving, gleaming waters beyond the cliffs. Mr. H. M. Marshall, Mr. W. Eyre Walker, Mr. Waterlow, Mr. Danby, and Mr. Henry Moore exhibit work that is good, but by no means does it surpass the bounds of just expectation.

At the Royal Institute's galleries, the third annual exhibition of works in oils is, on the whole, equal to previous shows, though it contains fewer paintings of striking originality or power. Mr. F. D. Millet is prominently represented with two pictures, unequal in technical skill, but alike irresistible in the charm of pure, unaffected sentiment. The treatment of the old-fashioned interior in "The Granddaughter" (450), with the cool tones of the panelled walls and floor, and its impressive presentment of soothing quiet, recall Mr. Abbey's work very powerfully. The pathos of the scene is very delicately conveyed by the reclining figure of the sick girl and the old man who ministers to her and has just returned from his benevolent errand. Less moving, though not less refined in sentiment, "The Amanuensis" (7) is superior in all the qualities that are essential to a picture. The composition is admirable; the two figures of the old and jolly smoker who dictates and the girl who writes are deftly characterized, while the harmony of the warm brown tones of the dusky fire-lit library is exceedingly skilful. The happy, artless pose of the figures, each with its unforced significance, must be noted as an inspiration of humour. Mr. C. N. Hemy is strong and unconventional as usual in "The Chart" (13), a yacht interior, with two men and a girl studying a map; and very vigorous also is "The Custom-house Quay, Falmouth" (302), a study of dark houses, with glints of sunshine about the old slate roofs. Neither Mr. Langley's "The Sunny South" (17) nor Mr. J. R. Reid's "Windmills" (23) quite realizes the full play of sunlight aimed at by the artists. The distance in the former is

heavy; and in Mr. Reid's picture strong sunlight is on the surface of things, but scarcely proceeds from the dark sombre tone of the sky, or is related to the value of the black shadows. The figures in the latter—like all Mr. Reid's studies of children—are delightful. Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Poverty" (48)—a pathetic study of two poor children, good in drawing and modelling, has almost a painful veracity of realism. Something of a tragedy, in which a marine Adam and Eve are the victims, is suggested by the late E. Sainsbury's "Their Eden" (54); the two figures, with the world all before them, and the forlorn sea and sand-hills behind, are presented with a good deal of force, though the incident seems only half told. Mr. Solomon's "A Home Scene and a Heart Study" is exceedingly clever as mere painting, but also supremely uninteresting. Mr. W. Dendy Sadler is far more successful in illustrating the humours of three jovial red-coated huntsmen in "A Hunting we'll go" (541) than in his "Prisoner of State" (131), which is not a little trite and vapid. Mr. Frank Walton's "Oaks and Ashes" (146) is a study of leafless trees and brushwood foreground, with dying fern and the wreckage of the summer, handled with great skill, and brimful of observation. A large landscape, by the same painter—a desolate Surrey heath under a luminous mottled sky (595)—is noteworthy for its clever rendering of sunny, yet beamless, atmosphere. Other good landscapes are Mr. T. Pyne's "Walberswick" (536), Mr. Mark Fisher's "Marshland" (289), Mr. Aumonier's "Hayfield" (230), and Mr. T. Collier's "A Bright Morning" (312), the last-named a windswept common, with a nobly wrought sky. Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Sunny Hours" (200) has a charm of colour and a refinement in the tones of meadow and foliage that has been absent from much of the artist's recent work. In "A Ford in the New Forest" (674) Mr. E. M. Wimperis shows his accustomed power in rendering the windy sky, with its panoply of clouds finely graduated; the foreground is less satisfactory. Mr. Arthur Lemon's "An Autumn Morning" (655), if it does not quite attain to the charm of some of his Academy work, will yet detain the student of nature by its sympathetic colour; and not less surely will he respond to the delicacy and truth of Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's impression of the hour when the wind blows cold in "A Grey Morning" (6). Members of the Royal Academy contribute less than usual to the exhibition, and their offerings do not greatly sustain its interest. Mr. P. R. Morris, for instance, in his "Sisters" (588), paints as if for an Academy crowd. Anything more lugubrious, more suggestive of the average design in black-and-white for the cheap pictorial print, we have never witnessed in a public art-gallery. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse does more honour to the elect in "Gossip" (319), a vivacious study of Venetian domestic life. Venetian, in another and more audacious sense, is Mr. Melton Fisher's "Three Maskers" (406), a clever but sketchy study of three merry girls, who but for the daylight might have just returned from an Easter *ballo in maschera*.

SCHLAGEREI.

THE German student's life, as regulated by drinking and duelling laws, is an anomaly in the nineteenth century, but one which may be viewed from different standpoints. As a means of obtaining notoriety his prowess with the glass and the rapier may be said to play a similar part in Germany to the extreme athleticism of our English Universities. Up to a certain point also his regulated dissipation can be regarded as the systematizing of the two passions—namely, drinking and fighting—which from the earliest times have been more particularly characteristic of the Teutons and as an "aesthetic" and eclectic maintenance of ancient and picturesque national habits. There is no doubt that, even under the mitigated form necessitated by modern notions of refinement, it is directly traceable to the brutal orgies and the sanguinary street brawls which were the most peculiar features of German University life during the last three centuries.

It is a sufficiently strange notion, but one which seems really to be held in German high schools, that unrestrained indulgence in these two passions is synonymous with the thorough enjoyment of youth and friendship, and that proficiency in the "Jus potandi" and the "Ars digladiatoria" is absolutely essential to a manly existence. Such being the case, it is but natural that the pursuit of these elements of happiness and culture should form the main object of the more "swagger" students' clubs. The rules of "beer honour" are indeed wonderful to any but Germans, but perhaps the most interesting of their conceptions is the belief that an exhaustive practice in duelling is a necessary part of a gentleman's education, one which best prepares him to fight the battles of life with dignity and self-possession. Such is the theory usually held by the more plausible advocates of the "Mensur." Although all recognized associations of students keep up most of the old drinking traditions, all are not, however, obliged, in the same degree, to the self-imposed task of frequent duelling. That remains more particularly the doubtful privilege of the so-called "Corps"—those nineteenth-century representatives of unions which have always flourished at German Universities under the various names of "Nations," "Landmannschafter," "Orders," secret or otherwise, &c. It is to the Corps Student, therefore, as the unquestioned leader of fashion—who not only never can, on any pretext whatsoever, decline a challenge, but is even expected, on pain of disgracing his colours, never to remain long without delivering a few himself—that we must look for the full-blown

results of this carefully cultivated folly. It is obvious that the joys of such a life would often be prematurely ended were these frequent passages of arms attended by serious danger. Moreover in our modern, unpicturesque days, authorities could not tolerate these students' quarrels, were the results of an exchange of cards or a "Dummer Junge!" as disastrous as the less stereotyped encounters undoubtedly were in days of yore. Happily one of the consequences of this systematic keeping up at German Universities of customs long since forgotten elsewhere has been the adoption of a weapon and of rules of fencing with which no wounds sufficiently dangerous to preclude the possibility of repeated fights can easily be inflicted. To the adoption of such a "Comment-Waffe" and "Mensur-Comment" is to be ascribed the origin of the curious modern Schläger play—a play so restricted and conventional that it can hardly be called fencing, and the striking peculiarity of which is absolutely indigenous to Germany. When, in the thirteenth century, the old Emperor, Frederic II., wishing to favour the rising Universities that were multiplying on German soil, recognized their members as forming a nobility, irrespective of personal rank, the "nobility of learning," in testimony of which students of all degree were permitted to wear the noble sword, he could hardly foresee all the evil consequences that would thence accrue to the bodies he thus honoured. The turbulence of the scholars in the agitated times of the Reformation, some three centuries later, rendered the collegiate system impossible; one by one the halls—the *buras*—were broken up, and the student, without relinquishing any of his academical privileges, began to assume that unlimited personal liberty which he has retained to this day. No privilege did he more strenuously maintain than that of wearing the sword, especially as military manners and costume were then the fashion among all youths with any pretension to smartness. From that period may be said to date the traditional affectation of cavalier swagger which, in the present day, is perhaps most typically exemplified by the pseudo-military disguise of the Corps Student on gala occasions, when his academical dress consists of jackboots and spurs, leather breeches, frogged jacket, a sash and a dragoon cap, not to mention his clattering rapier.

It could not be expected that in a community the members of which were privileged above ordinary citizens, and where the sword was the distinguishing badge of the scholar of standing, strong-spirited young men should not end by having recourse to such a conclusive argument in most differences of opinion. The shortest way to local fame was soon found to lie through the fencing-school; and an amount of bloodshed inevitably resulted from this baneful prerogative, which can only be compared to that consequent on the disastrous duel mania which followed on the suppression of jousts, tournaments, and judicial combats in France at the end of the sixteenth century—a mania which was only checked a hundred years later by the iron hand of Louis XIV. after repeated failures on the part of his predecessors. The duelling habits of German Universities, however, could not be checked, owing to the inferior hold the authorities had over the students, resulting in the dread lest too much interference in their affairs should lead to their wholesale migration to a less severe Alma Mater. Such migrations, whenever they occurred, proved ruinous alike to the university and to the town. An evil so prejudicial to the studies of even the least riotous scholars was naturally often grappled with, but never with any permanent results; traditions of bullying and brawling arose which, in a more refined manner it is true, now find their expression in the modern "Ehre-Comment," just as the beer-laws may be said to be the outcome of that villanous swilling universal in Germany during the dark days of the Thirty Years' War. The long-sighted wisdom of the many grandmotherly statutes prohibiting the establishment of schools-of-arms within the liberties of English University towns, and restraining students from frequenting taverns and carrying weapons, is, after all, well vindicated, and the modern undergraduate may be congratulated on not having his better judgment perverted by an insensate code of honour, sanctified by traditions of many centuries, like his German contemporary.

An oration of a Professor Heyden delivered at Jena in 1607 (Meyfart, *Christliche Erinnerungen*, 1636) gives a graphic account of the seventeenth-century swashbuckler student:—

Come you unawares into his room, what will you find? Not books; what has this fighting-cock to do with book-learning? Any book he possesses is soon tossed into corners, a prey to moths and mice.

But hanging on the walls you will find sundry rapiers and daggers, among which some of those worthless weapons which are kept in view of the periodical rector's confiscations after his brawls; you will find shirts and gloves of mail, also doublets stuffed with horsehair and whalebone, so that this great man may never go to the place of combat unarmed. You will find tankards and glasses awaiting new-comers, cards, dice, and other utensils for the squandering of money and the perdition of youth.

All the afternoon he sits in the tavern or sleeps, to recruit his energies before a night's brawling, in order that every one may then notice how fierce and brave is his demeanour. . . . When he leaves the High School at length, behold him! yellow, haggard, one-eyed, toothless, patched up and scarred, utterly wrecked! Such is the outcome of the sublime student life!

Even as late as the end of the eighteenth century it was not uncommon for students, either with the tolerance of the law or in open defiance of it, to settle their quarrels in the street or in the market-place, without seconds or any witnesses, save the casual passers-by, who would sometimes form a ring, and criticize the sport. Nowadays a challenge is a somewhat polished affair, conducted on courteous principles, and entirely within the body of the students, whilst the fight takes place in some favoured resort

protected from the vulgar gaze of outsiders. But this is an entirely modern refinement. A good description of the state of German Universities in the last century is given in an autobiography published by Laukhart about the time of the Seven Years' War. The author, writing about his own student life, says:—

Schlägereien are by no means uncommon in Giessen; small as the University is, many brawls take place daily. In my time it was customary to fight in the public street, although, if the intention was known, it was certain to be betrayed to the authorities. The challenger would stop before his adversary's window, and drawing his spadron would make a show of sharpening it against the walls of his house, calling out loudly: "Pereat der Hund und Schweine Kerl! Tief! Pereat!" Whereupon the challenged one would not be long in appearing, and the fight would begin.

Under such circumstances it may well be surmised that the position of licensed fencing-master to the University was one of very high standing. Indeed, it is a well-known fact that the popularity of this or that high school was often determined by the celebrity of its "Fechtboden," and the names of a Kreussler, a Kahn, or a Roux remain familiar as household words among students when the fame of many professors of more profitable arts have sunk in oblivion. The family of Kreusslers furnished masters of fence to six Universities during a hundred and fifty years. They popularized a modified Italian system of fencing—cut and thrust—which their founder, the great Wilhelm Kreussler, of Jena, seems to have learned from the no less famous Cavalcabo of Bologna, and made known to Germany about the year 1630. This system, which even now—simplified, improved, and restricted to the point—is still called by his name, was taught by nearly all fencing-masters, and expounded in many learned works, notably by the great Kahn of Göttingen and those numerous Roux who have been from father to son University "Fechtmeister" since 1790. In accordance with the rules of this Kreusslerische school was most of the students' duelling carried out till the first years of this century, and the number of fatal encounters was consequently very great. Even the students themselves at last grew sick of the bloodshed, and sought to abolish the evil by the establishment of those "Courts of Honour" of which Fichte was an ardent promoter. But the stubborn resistance of a few bullies rendered this measure as ineffectual as had been the prohibitions and punishments of the authorities.

The misery of the great Napoleonic wars tended for a time to arrest the "Duell-Wuth" of the German youth. But after the great peace the old habits were resumed, and long experience having shown the impossibility of extirpating the evil, an attempt, which has proved on the whole successful, was made to turn the difficulty, so to speak. Duels where only cutting and slashing was allowed were winked at by the authorities, but the use of the thrust was strenuously prohibited. This compromise, enabling as it did the pugnacious to keep up the delightful amusement of the "Mensur" without incurring constant and fatiguing prosecutions, was tacitly agreed to. Moreover, the thrusting sword, no longer being a necessary article in the dress of a gentleman, was becoming obsolete, whilst the sabre had been brought into familiar use by twenty years' constant warring. An adaptation of the weapon was likewise effected, and the "Haurappier," that is, the old spadron, shorn of its point and used merely for slashing, became the "Comment-Waffe"—the recognized weapon wherewith to settle students' quarrels. Thus arose that "Hieb-Comment" which, in forty years, was to develop into that curious system of fencing now known as Schläger play. At first the rules of fencing with the Haurappier were practically the same as those of the so-called "glacé" fight of the present day—namely, a Schläger fight without other protection than a "glacé" or kid glove, where the cuts are most particularly addressed to the face. But, as the practice of the single combat gradually fell out of favour, outside the student world at least, the student's duel became, *pari passu*, more an affair of *renown* and swagger than a social necessity. To this, and also to the fact that tolerably severe wounds on any limb naturally disable a man, possibly for a long time, without affording him the satisfaction of bearing in his walks abroad visible marks of his prowess, one may ascribe the practice, not only of bandaging the wrist and the armpit, but of covering, as was eventually done, the whole arm, neck, and shoulder with a thick padding, so that the fencer's attention might be entirely devoted to cuts at the face. The consequence of this habit of padding was that the art of the "Haurappier" became more and more separated from the broad principles of rational fencing, until it came to be a recognized rule that most cuts could be stopped with the arm. This possibility of leaving the security of the sword-arm out of reckoning is the key to the development of a system of fence which must appear to all practical swordsmen as fantastical as it is ungraceful.

Nevertheless, the "Hieb-Comment" as thus practised was still fraught with some danger; the play was then in many respects similar to that of the sabre—that is to say, the cuts were delivered with all the force of the forearm and with a complete lunge, so that, although a cap was often worn for greater protection, very severe wounds could be inflicted. Moreover, an attack with a slender, albeit pointless weapon, although intended as a cut, would often when delivered on the lunge have the practical effect of a thrust. Indeed a number of fatal students' duels about the year 1844 awakened afresh the attention of the heads of universities. A celebrated teacher of fence, one Kastrop of Göttingen, was requested to consider whether some less dangerous system could not be devised and brought into fashion. He suggested, to begin with,

the adoption of improved padding, and, secondly, a high hanging guard and a closer measure, so that only half-lunges and flips from the wrist should be possible. This method, which approximated to the modern play, first came into use at Göttingen, and gradually found its way to the other universities. It is expounded at length in a curious work now rather rare, *Deutsches Paukbuch*, by Friedrich Roux, published at Jena in 1858. Since then this entirely modern art of the Schläger has been carried, by constant and practical use, to a state of great precision, and has become admirably adapted to the requirements of frequent duelling among men who are always "out of condition." The movements are now absolutely limited to the arm, thus doing away with the necessity for "wind," that being a commodity which the compulsory frequentation of the "Kneipe" renders unobtainable to the student. The measure is so close that a dexterous duellist can actually flip the back of his opponent's head with a "Prim" or a "Hinterkopfer." Every kind of cut, some of them, indeed, only possible in such an artificial system, has been invented; from the plain quart and *terz*, to the "Hakenquart" (delivered whilst the fist is still in the position of tierce), and to what the French would term "un coup fantaisiste," the so-called Würzburg-Quart (a reduplicated cut with the false edge). Schläger play has become so much perfected at the hands of such men as L. C. Roux, of Leipzig, and Schultz, of Heidelberg, that the punishment that can be inflicted in a bout has again become serious, and thus the original intention of its establishment is lost sight of.

It is doubtful whether in a country where military habits are so deeply ingrained as Germany, the practice of the duel could be altogether abolished; but to our practical minds, and, indeed, to the wiser portion of the German community itself, the "Mensur"—as distinct from the more serious "Duell" with sabres or pistols, of which the law takes cognisance—is childish, despite its ghastliness, and degrading. Nevertheless, numbers of Germans go through life without changing their opinion that the students' "Pauken" is a noble institution, and that other universities, especially the English, where it is unknown, are entirely lacking in chivalrous manhood. Both parties will therefore be perhaps somewhat surprised at the rumour of an intended conclave of representative university fencing-masters, for the consideration whether the present system of Schläger fighting, with all its restrictions and mitigations, is not still too dangerous a method of settling trivial quarrels, or rather, we should say, of showing off that conventional pluck supposed to be the distinguishing mark of the "Bursch." The unflinching stubbornness displayed before the critical eye of the whole body of corps students, under what is often, in unequal contests at least, a veritable shower of wounds, being the one redeeming side to the acknowledged laziness and self-indulgence of his life, it remains to be seen whether the fighting student will admit any further alteration, which would undoubtedly throw ridicule on an institution which is his proudest boast.

REVIEWS.

LES DERNIERS JOURS DU CONSULAT.*

A CURIOUS and happy chance has thrown a flood of light on the conduct of Bonaparte from the overthrow of the Directory to the execution of those condemned as partners in the conspiracy of Pichegru and Georges Cadoudal. M. Ludovic Lalanne has discovered and published under the title *Les Derniers Jours du Consulat* a manuscript written, as he shows us beyond a doubt, by Claude Fauriel, the historian of Southern Gaul, before the 25th of March, 1805, which contains a number of important facts, hitherto concealed or distorted, first by the orders of Bonaparte and his agents, and afterwards by partisan writers, together with a record of the impressions produced by the events of the time on the mind of a man of honour, cultivation, and critical power. As Fauriel was secretary of Fouché, the Minister of Police, from 1799 to 1802, he speaks with authority on much that has hitherto been doubtful, and though he never prepared these papers for publication, he corrected and annotated them, so that they represent his deliberate convictions. Then they seem to have been lost and forgotten. As we have them now, admirably edited by M. Lalanne, they form the gravest indictment against Bonaparte and his creatures that has yet appeared. Taken as a whole, their main subject is the sacrifice of General Moreau to Bonaparte's jealousy and hatred. But they contain much more than this. The first paper consists of a general sketch of the signs that foretold the overthrow of the Republic after the fall of the Directory. Seldom indulging in mere invective, Fauriel notes the progress of tyranny with scornful bitterness. He marks the alternate insolence and fear displayed by Bonaparte in his attacks on the "Conseil des Anciens" and the Five Hundred on 18 Brumaire (9 Nov. 1799), and the vulgar triumph with which he took up his residence in the Tuileries. From the moment he became First Consul, he plotted first for permanent office and then for hereditary sovereignty. He obtained peace with England, "persuadé que le titre de pacificateur autoriserait tous ceux qu'il voudrait y ajouter." His next step was to impose himself as President on the Cisalpine

* *Les Derniers Jours du Consulat*. Manuscrit inédit de Claude Fauriel, Membre de l'Institut. Publié et annoté par Ludovic Lalanne. Paris: Calmann-Lévy, éditeur. 1886.

Republic. With unsparing truthfulness, Fauriel describes the means by which he gained the first object of his ambition, the vague proposal made in the Tribunal that he should receive a token of gratitude, the offer of a ten-years' Consulship, his petulant disappointment, and the appeal made to the people in the name of Cambacérès, "l'homme le plus propre à mettre de la gravité dans la bassesse." The measures with which Bonaparte occupied himself during the progress of this appeal, the Negroes' treaty, the Concordat, the institution of the Legion of Honour, and the system of national education, are severely criticized. The Consulship for life was gained, and it was evident that hereditary sovereignty was not far off. Means were taken to repress or corrupt public opinion, and the etiquette of a Court was introduced into the Consular household. Further advance, however, was for the moment checked by the reverses in Hayti, and the renewal of the war with England, where Bonaparte felt that "La simple existence et le voisinage d'une nation où chaque citoyen pouvait s'arroger impunément le droit de juger son caractère et sa conduite, d'une nation dont la voix était entendue du monde entier, était pour lui un sujet perpétuel d'empoiement et de colère, et presque un obstacle" (p. 74).

The second paper, which deals with the origin and development of "the English conspiracy" of Georges and Pichegru, opens with a masterly analysis of the condition of the Royalist, Jacobin, and Republican parties in the early part of 1803. In each there were peculiar causes of weakness, and the Government had little reason to fear them, for there was no leader of Opposition. Resistance to despotism was hopeless so long as there was no one to represent the widespread feelings of discontent. Moreau might have done this if he would, for he stood equally high in the opinion of the army and of the nation. The most successful general of France, the victor of Hohenlinden was at the same time eminent for his virtues as a citizen. No one was better fitted for the part, for Bonaparte was jealous of him, and had tried to ruin him. With the Jacobins, however, he had no sympathy, and it is distinctly stated that he held out no hope that he would join the Royalists. While he looked on the state of affairs as grievous and shameful, his domestic life was happy, and he did not care to embark on any dangerous enterprise. This, however, was not enough to save him from the hatred of Bonaparte. Chief among the startling revelations contained in this volume is the exposure of the system by which the police induced men who were reckoned as enemies of the Government to conspire against it in order to destroy them. "Elle (la police) ne se contenta plus de faire tendre des pièges pour deviner les intentions et les projets des ennemis du gouvernement; elle leur fit tendre des pièges, pour les pousser à des actions punissables" (p. 113). In accordance with this detestable system Fouché, as he afterwards boasted, manufactured a conspiracy in order to secure his reinstatement as Minister, and make up for his failure to discover the assassination plot of 3 Nivôse. Although Georges and his companions would probably have come over to France in any case, it is certain that they were tempted to do so by an emissary employed by the Government. The next step to be taken was to implicate Moreau in their proceedings. This was by no means an easy matter, and a detailed account is given of the various efforts made by Bonaparte's agents to entrap him. A union between the Royalists and Jacobins was effected through the instrumentality of one of Fouché's creatures, and Moreau was elected general of this "comité royal jacobin" (p. 168). He refused to put himself at the head of any movement, but he was unguarded enough to allow a police spy to persuade him to have more than one interview with Pichegru, his old companion in arms. While the third chapter of this record of what is fitly styled here "un mystère d'iniquités" is not part of the original manuscript, M. Lalanne has written it from various notes that Fauriel prepared, but which he seems never to have put together. It deals with the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and with the arrest of Moreau, Pichegru, Georges, and the rest. M. Lalanne points out with considerable force that it is clear that Bonaparte took advantage of these proceedings to gratify his personal spite, for he ordered the arrest of Generals Souham and Liébert and of certain officers attached to Moreau as accomplices in his alleged crime. That there was no evidence against them is certain, for they were not brought to trial, and their arrest, as is remarked here, puts a wholly different complexion on the charges brought against Moreau to that which they wear in the version Thiers gives of the affair. So, too, as M. Lalanne points out, Thiers wholly conceals the agitation that prevailed in Paris while the arrests were being made, the manifestations of popular hatred towards Bonaparte, and the measures of repression that were adopted by the Government.

In the record of the proceedings against the accused contained in the fourth and last chapter we again have Fauriel's manuscript. He deals here with much that the Government took care to keep secret. No independent account even of what passed in court was allowed to appear. An official report was sent each day of the trial to the various journals, and they were forbidden to insert any other. Nor has Thiers, as we are reminded in the preface, chosen to notice facts that brand with infamy the memory of Bonaparte and his creatures. The accused, not reckoning Moreau, were forty-eight in number. It was the business of the police to force them to make admissions that might be used as evidence. They were accordingly threatened with instant death, and when this failed they were tortured. Of this fact proof after proof is given. To the horror of all who witnessed the scene it was openly proved in court. Picot, the servant of Georges, denied before the judges

the evidence he had given against his master. Confronted with his former avowals:—

[il] déclara . . . qu'alors on l'avait garotté et qu'on lui avait écrasé les doigts entre un chien de fusil; il ajouta qu'à cette espèce de torture on avait ajouté celle du feu; et il invoquait en témoignage les officiers de la garde de la préfecture qui avaient aidé l'agent de la police dans ses fonctions de bourreau; et il tendit alors ses deux mains vers le public et vers les juges, en s'écriant d'une voix terrible "Voyez les marques!" Ses mains portaient encore, en effet, des marques de la torture qu'elles avaient subies il y avait trois mois.—P. 359.

To these cruelties was added the peculiar baseness of setting spies to entrap the prisoners into giving evidence by false professions of sympathy. From Pichegru no avowals could be wrung; he was tortured in vain. Bonaparte was furious at this disappointment, and Pichegru was found dead in prison. How little men believed the declaration of the Government that he died by his own hand may be read here. The preparation of the "acte d'accusation" was committed to Thuriot, who is said to have falsified the admissions of the prisoners to suit the wishes of the Government; he had served a good apprenticeship for such work with Robespierre and the rest of the Mountain. Among the various iniquities of the trial, we find that all public servants were forbidden to act as witnesses for the accused; indeed not a single witness cited for the defence appeared in court. Englishmen will read with interest the account given of one unwilling witness for the prosecution, John Wesley Wright, the captain of the cutter in which Georges came over from England. Wright had been taken by the enemy, and now sat in court, "l'ancre au bouton, la cocarde noire au chapeau." He behaved as became a British seaman, for, when he was questioned, he would only say, in a tone so haughty and decisive that it cowed the President of the court, that he would render no account of his doings except to his own Government, that he claimed the rights of a prisoner of war, and that the police had threatened to have him shot if he did not say what they wanted. The speech which Moreau made in his own defence is given at length, and with an unfinished sentence of comment on its dignified tone Fauriel's manuscript ends. M. Lalanne, however, here as elsewhere, has completed the narrative from the archives of the police. His researches fully confirm Fauriel's statements, and enable him to add a fitting ending to the long record of infamies which fill his volume. He describes how, after the majority of the judges had formally acquitted Moreau, the President, who was in constant communication with Réal, the "Chargé de la Police," and with other creatures of the Emperor, as Bonaparte then was, forced them to a second vote, condemning the General to banishment for two years. And he adds a letter Bonaparte sent during the day to the arch-chancellor Cambacérès, full of hatred against the General, and proving the violent pressure that was brought to bear on the judges. The Emperor's rage at the sentence is told from the *Mémoires* of Bourrienne:—"Ces animaux," dit-il, "me déclarent qu'il ne peut se soustraire à une condamnation capitale; que sa complicité est évidente, et voilà qu'on me le condamne comme un voleur de mouchoirs." But Moreau's life was wrecked, and in 1813 the General who had so often led the armies of France to victory fell in the ranks of her enemies. In noticing the fate of the other prisoners M. Lalanne raises the question whether Georges was put to death before his companions, as he is said to have requested, or after them, and gives an extract from Fauriel's notes—"Georges très occupé pendant le trajet avec un personnage vêtu de noir.—Monte le dernier." M. Lalanne tells us that his work as editor has been hard; it certainly has left nothing to be desired. He will receive the thanks of all who are able to appreciate the importance of the revelations on which he has laboured, and among these there will surely be no small number of his own countrymen.

FIVE NOVELS.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS'S first attempt at a story of some length will give a good deal of pleasure to the reader, not least, perhaps, to the reader who takes it up with some fear of coming across nothing but a repetition of the usual American novel, the two species of which have been irreverently described by a vulgar person as respectively "James-and-water" or "Howells-and-acrape." Mr. Matthews is neither. With the exception of one or two *longueurs*, especially a dinner-party in the middle (to which, indeed, some prolixity may be allowed, inasmuch as it is the centre point of the action, but which rather abuses the license), there is hardly anything in the book which can be wished away, and a great deal which may be read with satisfaction and interest. We think we should have preferred the title "How Frederick Olyphant was Shanghaied"; first, because it would describe the book more accurately, and, secondly, because it would attract the class of reader for whom the book is best suited, and who might at present mistake it for something quite

* *The Last Meeting.* By Brander Matthews. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1885.

The Master of the Mine. By Robert Buchanan. London: Bentley. 1885.

Nuttie's Father. By Charlotte M. Yonge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

Dedham Park. By John Bradshaw. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

A Rich Man's Relatives. By R. Cleland. London: F. V. White & Co. 1885.

different. For, if a man takes an interest in Shanghaiing (and what man "as is a man" does not?) it is highly desirable that he should know at once where he can come across an illustration of that familiar and terrific process. "Shanghaiing done here" is a sign sure to attract; whereas "The Last Meeting" is quite indefinite. How Frederick was Shanghaiied, and whether it—the Shanghaiing—was done in public, and who Shanghaiied him, and what happened afterwards are all points on which the fullest satisfaction will be found between the covers of Mr. Matthews's book. Besides the Shanghaiied and the Shanghaiier, there are many useful and pleasing characters in *The Last Meeting*. We are personally disposed to think that Frederick Olyphant was rather a poor creature, scarcely worth the heroic treatment of Shanghaiing, which, however, did him a great deal of good. If she had been a trifle less slangy (and perhaps it was only put on), we should have liked the comedy heroine, Miss Pussy Palmer, much better than the tragedy heroine, Miss Winifred Marshall; but then we always did like Beatrice better than Hero. The quarrel of Fred and Winifred (*quasi que* wins the affections of Fred?) is extraordinarily natural in its utter foolishness, and perhaps not quite unnatural in its disastrous consequences. For it is nearly, if not quite, certain that, if it had not happened, Fred would not have been Shanghaiied. The British lover of Miss Pussy Palmer, Mr. Hobson Cholmondeley, is, indeed, not exactly like any Briton that we ever saw. But no doubt Mr. Matthews could and would retort that the pictures of his own countrymen in English novels are not like any American that he ever saw. B always paints B's A, and not A's A—to reduce Dr. Holmes's celebrated theorem to symbolic terms. "Uncle Larry," the middle-aged friend of everybody—without the want of dignity of a tame cat, and with more romantic interest than a mere aged benefactor—is a character who seems to be deservedly popular in America. Finally, with a suggestion to Mr. Matthews that before his next edition he should inflict severe punishment on his printer, who has made him responsible for the remarkable phrase "In corpore vilo," we commend all lovers of Shanghaiing to the book.

It may at least be said of *The Master of the Mine* that it does not display any of the remarkable faults of taste or anything of the morbid and offensive attitude towards morals and religion which have distinguished more than one of Mr. Robert Buchanan's later novels. In respect, too, of extravagance of incident and language it is a long step backward in the direction of sobriety and sense from the point reached in *Stormy Waters*. But it must remain as surprising as ever that a man of Mr. Buchanan's undoubted literary ability should, year after year, and in the most widely different kinds of literature, be content to produce such crude and faulty work. *The Master of the Mine* would be a fair, and no more than a fair, melodramatic romance for a young beginner in romantic melodrama. A Cornish boy, Hugh Trelawney, is early deprived of education and chance in the world by the death of his father. In his comparatively fortunate earlier days he has made the acquaintance of a beautiful little creole, Madeline Graham. They part, and he is reduced to actual mining in his native county and at the home of his nearest relations, who are poor folk. He rises to be overseer, but makes himself unpopular with the young owner of the mine by faithfully representing the dangerous condition of its under-sea workings. The situation is complicated by the reappearance of Madeline Graham on the scene as a wealthy heiress courted by the young mine-owner, and by Hugh's discovery of underhand wooing by the same person of his own cousin Annie. How Hugh is suspected of and tried for the murder of the sycophant who has succeeded him in the overseership Mr. Buchanan may fairly claim that his readers shall be left to find out for themselves, and so they shall be. Nor is it any more necessary to hint at the *dénouement*, which indeed can be easily guessed. It is preceded by a climax scene when the sea breaks into the submarine workings of the mine, and Hugh at great risk plays the part of rescuer. This scene naturally shows traces of Mr. Buchanan's considerable faculty of dealing with such things, but the overdraw and the confusion which were noticeable even in *The Shadow of the Sword* and in *God and the Man*, are much more noticeable here, and mar the effect of the picture considerably. It is curious that the admirers of the late M. Gustave Doré, who is responsible for so much of this kind of thing in literature as well as in art, should have omitted to notice that their master, very far from impeccable, does not often confine himself to merely pitching a pot of colour at the canvas. They do.

In *Nuttie's Father* Miss Yonge has pursued her favourite plan of mixing commonplace "business" and conversation with a rather romantic plot or at least central incident. Nuttie's father is a fine gentleman, who, for selfish reasons, has deserted his perfectly guiltless and blameless wife soon after marriage, and who, having not only deserted but actually lost all traces of her, is restored to her (a rather doubtful benefit) by the chapter of accidents. Nuttie's fortunes and courtships and those of the cousin, Mark Egremont, who has rather chivalrously disinherited himself by finding her out, form the staple of the book. Nuttie, an enthusiastic young person, with a great contempt for middle age, finds her fate like a good many other people in what she condemns, and Mark, rather an exquisite at first, takes to umbrella-making, and is carried through that fiery trial by a vigorous young Scotch wife. After a death or two, of course things go right, and Nuttie outrages the principles of prudence and of modern Radicalism by declaring that the estate ought to go in the male line. There are choir

feasts, and there is a great deal of talk about everything, and some amusing scenes (especially those in which a young donkey of a Blue-Ribbonite behaves after the fashion of his donkeyhood), and some allusions to the mysterious "G.F.S.," which seems to be Miss Yonge's present equivalent for A.M.D.G. or "Ecr. l'Inf." (to take examples impartially). On the whole, the book has a fair share of the merits and defects of most of Miss Yonge's latter books. But concerning one of these defects something has to be said which, as Mr. Dowler says, is "a painful thing." Everybody knows that Miss Yonge has always been particularly fond of a certain kind of schoolroom chatter (we do not use the word unkindly) in which boys and girls, young men and young women, talk a certain amount of boys' and girls' slang. In her earlier books she had the remembrance of actual talk of the kind fresh on her, and very good it sometimes was. But it has seemed lately more than once as if, in her desire not to be foggish, she had taken to seasoning her conversations of this kind with a greater and greater amount of free-and-easiness (of course quite innocent) of speech and of horseplay (of course quite innocent, too) of incident. The result, if we may venture to say so without incurring the charge of superfluousness, is that a few of her later characters have occasionally gone near at intervals to be thought (there is no help for it) vulgar. Now this is a very great pity, because Miss Yonge was very nearly the only person who had the secret of writing books of her own kind—good without being goody, and natural without being unrefined.

Dedham Park is a very odd mixture. That its "Salisbury" is Cheshire and its "Camptown" Manchester is not likely to escape the most inattentive reader, especially as Mr. Bradshaw, with a noble disregard of pedantic consistency in incognito, has named the minor localities of his "Camptown" without any attempt at disguise. Further, both his town and his country portraits are drawn with a good deal of vigour and *verve*. The speech of an old-fashioned countryman:—"Sir George, I'm a Guardian for Dedham, and I knows what Dedham wants, and what it don't want. It don't want drains, and it don't want the rates raised," has the right ring altogether. Nor are Mr. Bradshaw's characters by any means unhappy. His baronet (the above-referred-to Sir George) is good, though a little antique in touch here and there. His young people, with their love affairs, are by no means bad. His conscientious, but slightly maladroit, parson is good; his local colour is often very good indeed. The whole book may be recommended for reading to readers who are not punctiliously given to the observance of the strict circulating library model. From that model Mr. Bradshaw, who is pretty evidently a novice in this particular craft, diverges very often, and not always wisely. He is decidedly given to argue the point, and to talk book, and, as far as a considerable professional experience in ascertaining for purposes of criticism the tastes of the uncritical goes, we can say with confidence that the circulating library reader abhors the arguing of points and the talking of book. Partly, too, owing to this, and partly perhaps to some other results of technical inexperience, Mr. Bradshaw does not always make his story move on as stories should. Lastly, there are some slips in his allusiveness. Thus, he says, "on the opposite wall was a likeness of the second and great Sir Robert, a statesman dear to the hearts of all Camptown folk; for was he not associated with the great Reform Bill and the abolition of the Corn Laws?" The second and great Sir Robert who was associated with the abolition of the Corn Laws can, of course, be nobody but Sir Robert Peel. Yet it is surely odd to speak of Sir Robert Peel as associated with the great Reform Bill. However, the average reader, though he may be rather angry at having the great Sir Robert and the great Reform Bill talked of at all, will not be likely to quarrel with the accuracy of Mr. Bradshaw's reference. Neither do we wish him to quarrel. Despite the faults of the book, the most serious of which is a certain stiffness and want of verisimilitude in the conversations, it contains much fresh and agreeable reading.

We have read a good many books, but we do not remember ever to have read in English three-volume form anything that may be called a purely Canadian book before *A Rich Man's Relatives*. Local talent must tell us how far Mr. Cleland has been just to Canadian society. As he has depicted it, it does not present a wholly attractive picture. The male Canadian, like his Yankee brother, appears to be a good deal too much absorbed in what Dickens calls, in not the least happy of his stereotyped phrases, "Par and premium and discount and three-quarters and seven-eighths." The female Canadian, also like her Yankee sister, appears to be a little too much absorbed in the possibility or the impossibility of appearing at Long Branch in three new tailor-made costumes a day. Apparently Canada has not yet developed the compensation (as things are counted south of the line made by the Ashburton Treaty) which consists in a certain number of male beings who imitate European intellectualism at a respectful distance and a certain number of young ladies, ranging from the Yankee schoolmarm to any height that may be preferred, who are "all soul." Thus, the total impression, at least as presented by Mr. Cleland, is a trifle raw. It is, however, better to be raw than to be overripe, and the advantage here is on the side of Canada. Mr. Cleland's pictures of the French *habitants* are not flattering, but then we know that there is a good deal of jealousy between the English-speaking and the French-speaking inhabitants of the Dominion, and are prepared to make allowance accordingly. Judging the book, however, without these extraneous considerations, it is a book of some interest. The author is

too much prone to attempt social and personal satire—the most difficult line in all the branches of novel-writing—and his success is not always such as the brave deserve. He has rather too many characters, too many incidents, too much and not sufficiently developed story, and so forth. But these are not uncommon faults, and they are not by any means of the worst kind. For English readers in particular he has the merit of labouring in an almost entirely fresh field, a merit which in these days, at any rate, may carry off many defects. Nor is he occasionally unsuccessful in making a point of the kind which he evidently desires to make; that is to say, a point of satire. We wish his book were better printed, not that it contains an extraordinary number of actual misprints, but that the type is choked and uncemely. The increased attention now given to the production of books makes these things of importance.

THE RED SCROLL OF THE LENÁPÉ.*

A HUNDRED years ago one Constantine Samuel Rafinesque was born at Galata. He emigrated, after a residence in Sicily, to America, where he lived by teaching, and published a number of works in the familiar style of the half-educated scientific dreamer. In one of these performances, *The Good Book*, he tells his readers that he has been collecting the pictographic scrolls and signs of the American Red Men. He avers that these pictographs were based on the "gesture language" of the Indians, and in this opinion, important if correct, he is supported by some recent theorists. He states also, and this is important, that he obtained through Dr. Ward, of Indiana, some of the original "Walam Olum," or painted records of the Lenapé tribe. The record, about 1820, was presented apparently to Dr. Ward in its purely pictorial form. Later, an Indian gave the verses corresponding to each pictograph, or rude symbolic sketch. Rafinesque says he could not translate the verses when he got them, but made them out by aid of Lenapé grammars and dictionaries.

This problematic "Walam Olum," then, this *Red Scroll*, is now edited with translations and very copious philological and anthropological notes, by Dr. Brinton, whose ancestors in the seventeenth century were rescued from starvation by the Lenapé. The question rises, is the Scroll a forgery? and if no forgery, to what extent is it an authentic ancient native record? Dr. Brinton has consulted the best extant native authorities, and they believe the Scroll to be genuine on the whole. Many of the words occur, rather suspiciously, in the book of Zeisberger, out of which Rafinesque learned the Lenapé speech. But, as Dr. Brinton remarks, Zeisberger may have, or rather must have, been familiar with the songs in the Scroll, if they are genuine at all. The text contains a number of words not found in any of the mission dictionaries. Again, an attentive reader of the Scroll will find that much of it is in verse, in the metre common to the Finnish *Kalevala* and to Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

Arrow heads of flint and jasper,
Arrow heads of chalcedony,

may serve as examples of the familiar *Hiawatha* metre. Here is a specimen taken quite at random from the *Red Scroll*:—

Lumowaki, Iowanaki,
Tulpenaki elowaki
Tulapiwi linapiwi.

We think it improbable that, if Rafinesque had simply learned a little Lenapé for the purpose of forging a record, he would have written his record in metrical form, and yet not have made it consistently metrical. The effect is that of the old European legends, like the Edda, in which we find metre breaking down and yielding place to prose. Dr. Brinton now publishes the "Walam Olum" with the odd and certainly not always pre-European pictographs, and with the original text and translation.

The text, genuine or not, contains, like "The Migration Legend of the Creeks," a version of Lenapé views on cosmogony, origins in general, and tribal history. The religious part, to our mind, is darkened rather than elucidated by the introductory remarks of Dr. Brinton. This scholar (whose laborious merits and honest researches we gladly acknowledge) is a believer in Dawn Myths and in the Solar Theory of Mythology. Mr. Max Müller writes in the *Nineteenth Century* (December 1885):—"When copying these lines, I felt almost as if copying what I had written myself." The lines are those in which Dr. Brinton tries to prove that the great Hare, the Totem and worshipful beast of the Algonquins, is "a Hero of the Dawn." Dr. Brinton says that "The Totem or clan which bore the Hare's name was looked up to with peculiar respect." Now we want to settle this business of the Hare. He is, in North American myth, an almost precise counterpart to Cagn in Bushman myth. He is a more or less creative, demi-urgic, and divine being; but all such tales as are told of Brer Rabbit and many much less dignified anecdotes cluster round the Hare, Michabos, as they do round Cagn, the Bushman Mantis insect. Here let it be observed that by a law, as yet scarcely recognized, of myth-making the divine and heroic and demi-urgic figures of the lower races are almost invariably beasts, birds, and fishes. In the myths of the advancing races legends like those which the backward peoples tell of beasts are told of anthropomorphic gods or heroes. These gods or heroes, however, like Zeus and Indra, retain the power of assuming bestial forms, and

are attended or accompanied by sacred animals, like the pigs of Demeter, the cuckoo of Hera, the dolphin, swan, wolf, and mouse of Apollo.

If we wish to discover (what may be undiscoverable) the origin of this custom of regarding beasts as heroes and gods, and of gradually promoting men and men-like gods to the place of the beasts as civilization advances, one must not be content with a mere singular solution, with a cause applicable, perhaps, here and there, but in no way co-extensive with the facts to be explained. Such a cause has been suggested, originally, we believe, by Macrobius, and in modern times by etymologists like Mr. Max Müller and others. The so-called "Wolf-Apollo," it is held, is really the "Apollo of Light," the confusion arising out of an unconscious pun between *λύκος*, "a wolf," and *λευκός*, "white." After a long experience of Indian beliefs "in a country where wicked people and witches are constantly taking the form of wild beasts," Sir Alfred Lyall thinks that this sort of explanation (to account for Lykanthropy) "seems wanton." To make the explanation seem good, it ought at least to be proved in a great number of classic examples of god-beasts or gods with bestial titles and bestial companions. But no such proof is offered. Still more feeble seems the theory, when once we know that all over the lower religions of the world beast-gods invariably, it may be said, come before anthropomorphic gods, and that traces of their previous sovereignty are found among almost all the religions of civilized heathendom. If a phenomenon so strange and so universal is to be explained on the principles advocated here by Dr. Brinton, and everywhere by Mr. Max Müller, we must believe that all over the world a monstrous degradation was caused by a "disease of language." All over the world, we must assume, men adored light, the sun, the dawn. All over the world a series of blunders as to the meaning of their own speech set them worshipping hares, ravens, wolves, crocodiles, cockatoos, bears, sardines, and, in short, the Zoological Gardens. It may be credible that such errors occurred sporadically; but that all the animal worships of men were caused by deserting the adoration of light for the adoration of beasts, under the stress of a disease (delirium apparently) of language, is really too large a demand on human credulity.

Dr. Brinton's pet illustration is the case of Michabo, the great Hare of the Algonquins. This "chimerical beast," as the old missionaries call him, is, like Cagn and Pundjel in Africa and Australia, "half a wizard, half a simpleton." To us he seems a beast with the powers of a medicine-man, who has attracted into his cycle the humorous, or Gothamite, tales of his race as well as their cosmogonic and more serious myths. All his names (Dr. Brinton gives five of them in his *Myths of the New World*, p. 179) "seem compounded from the words corresponding to 'great' and 'hare,' and so they have been invariably translated by the Indians themselves." But an etymological mythologist always, like Dr. Hahn among the Hottentots, knows a language better than the people to whom it is their native tongue. The root *wab* occurs in Michabo, the Hare. But there are two roots with the sound *wab*. One means *hare*, but the other means *white*, "and from it is (*sic*) derived the words for the east, the dawn, the light, the day, the morning. *Beyond a doubt* this is the compound in the names Michabo and Manibozho, which therefore means the Great Light, the Spirit of the Dawn," and so forth. This is a fine example of philological reasoning. Where is the root *wab* in Missibizi or Messou, "all compounded from the words corresponding to *great* and *hare*"? What is it but a mere baseless conjecture to assert that, when a word is made up of two others which admittedly mean *great* and *hare*, the word meaning *hare* must be a misunderstanding of the same sound meaning *light*? There is no presumption of any such error beyond the presumption depending on a theory of Mr. Max Müller—a theory not shared by the majority, we should say, even of philological etymologists. A presumption on the opposite side is set up by the universality of animal gods, and by the improbability that they all derive their existence from a series of blunders about the meaning of words. Why should the blunders, all the world over, take the same line? What proof is there that men, at any stage of their history, lapsed into this wholesale oblivion of the meaning of their own tongue? There is no such proof. So much for Manibozho.

Another queer piece of mythology occurs in the *Red Scroll*. In the Scroll itself (p. 173) we read, "But an Evil Manito (spirit) made evil beings only, monsters." This is an example of the dualism which, we venture to say, is found in the myths of the beginning of things among almost all savage races. Among all of them one early being (he can hardly be called a god) makes things well, and his brother, or some other foe, makes things ill, or spoils, sometimes by accident, sometimes by design, the things that the better being has made. The *Red Scroll* repeats the idea twice within two pages. Dr. Brinton himself (p. 166) speaks of the Evil Manito who "determines to destroy the human race." But (pp. 67-68) he says, with odd inconsistency, that the ideas of the Good Spirit and Bad Spirit were "not familiar to the native mind." "Heckewelder, Brainerd, and Lookiel all assure us in positive terms that the notion of a bad spirit, a Devil, was wholly unknown to the Aborigines, and entirely borrowed from the Whites." The famous example, too, of the mythical brothers, Ioskeha and Tawiscara, in Iroquois (Brébeuf, 1626), proves the presence of this favourite dualism among the Red Men at an early date. Another example is that of the benevolent and malevolent brethren *Cin ai av* among the Utes. These primal and partly

* *The Lenapé and their Legends*. By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1885.

creative beings were wolves, just as Michabos was a hare (*Annual Report of Bureau of Ethnology*, 1879, pp. 40-44). Far from being consistent in denying the existence of a Bad Spirit in Algonquin myths, Dr. Brinton (*Red Scroll*, p. 222) writes:—"The Bad Spirit was, in Algonkin mythology, the water god," for which he quotes Copway, after quoting Brainerd, Heckswelder, and Lookiel, to prove that "the notion of a Bad Spirit was wholly unknown to the Aborigines."

It has probably been demonstrated that neither the consistency nor the reasoning of Dr. Brinton makes him a safe guide in mythology. But his wide reading and industrious research enable him to present us with useful materials, among which, if employed with due caution, the "Walam Olum" must certainly be reckoned. The historical introductions are also valuable, especially as early *Americana*, copiously quoted here, are very scarce, and so expensive as often to be out of the reach of the student.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.*

ALTHOUGH George Cruikshank died no earlier than 1878, his name has long ceased to be one to conjure with. The gradual disuse of the etched plate in favour of more easily multiplied methods; the rise of the new school of book-illustrating, which dates, roughly, from the establishment of *Once a Week*; the growing reaction from the riotous exaggerations of what may be described as the extreme-farical or outrageous-grotesque in comic design—all these, taken in connexion with that undisguised and ungrateful infidelity to a bygone favourite which too often awaits the veteran who has outlived his prime, had dimmed the reputation of the brave old toiler, whose indefatigable needle, since those dawning days of the century when he caricatured "Boney" and championed Queen Caroline, had scratched and dotted innumerable "coppers." And yet there was a time, not forty years ago, when to say that an incident was "worthy of Cruikshank" was to stamp it as the *ne plus ultra* of humorous situation; when he was apostrophized by a poet, who now condescends only to write elegies on defunct pet dogs and canary birds, as an artist whose hand was winged with horror. All this, however, was ancient history some years before his death. To that energetic hilarity, that generous broad-grin, which he himself had substituted for the savage snarl of Gillray and the large-lunged roar of Rowlandson, had in due time succeeded the gentler laughter of John Leech, the wry chuckle of Charles Keene, the playful fun of Randolph Caldecott, and the perfectly well-bred, but slightly cynical, smile of George du Maurier—the George the Second of satiric art. If George the First was recalled at all, it was by his defects. It was as the man whose women were like wine-glasses; whose horses and dogs were more heraldic than Hogarth's; whose characters (with Shakespeare's Rosalind) had "two pitch balls stuck in their faces for eyes." Then he was "vulgar" and "cockney"; and the "soft moderns" of twenty years past, who, foreshadowing the already obsolete aesthete, endured no dramatic colours but the *bleu de ciel* and the *vert pomme*, absolutely forbade him to come between the wind and their nobility. This was a reaction from a popularity which had been undiscerning to a disregard which was unjust. That the artist, who still in his green old age might be seen drawing patiently at Burlington House, was always inferior to many an undistinguished student in his knowledge of the human form may frankly be admitted. But he had what was far greater, and could never be communicated by any Academy whatsoever—an occasional intensity and tragic power of the rarest kind, a gift for the humorous delineation of strongly-marked character, a natural genius for light and shade, and a most excellent and whimsical fancy. These were his *differentia*; and his supremacy in these must always prevent his being entirely forgotten, even by those who make no claim to the status of the eclectic collector.

Some of these qualities may be studied to advantage in the handsome reprints of the *Table-Book*, *Omnibus*, and *Fairy Library* which Messrs. George Bell & Sons—to whom the public are indebted for so many useful publications—have recently issued. These are among the most ambitious, though not the most successful, of Cruikshank's works. That is to say, the *Fairy Library* can scarcely be held to be an improvement on the earlier illustrations to Grimm; and it would not be difficult to point to plates in *Jack Sheppard* and *Oliver Twist* which are not excelled by any in the two miscellanies. Of these the *Table-Book* is decidedly the better. "Old George," as his admirers called him, never did anything cleverer than the "Triumph of Cupid" in this volume, with its wonderful train of minute sailors, jockeys, sweeps, Greenwich pensioners, and the rest curling round the picture in the fumes of the artist's pipe. Then, again, the *Table-Book* contains the "Folly of Crime," that terrible design of the murderer plunging, red-handed, down the gleaming abyss in pursuit of a mocking, dancing, will-o'-the-wisp-like demon with a creak of jewels on its head. There are a dozen artists of to-day, irreproachable in foreshortening and grouping, incapable of a solecism in costume or in "the nice conduct of a clouded cane," who would pant vainly after this graphic and powerful conception. Besides these two notable pictures, there is the *Legend of the Rhine*, by Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, which made its *début* here, and was admirably interpreted by Cruikshank. The *Omnibus* is largely

occupied by a naval romance, entitled *Frank Heartwell; or, Fifty Years Ago*, which gives the artist much opportunity for delineation of the British tar, after the T. P. Cooke and Dibdin pattern; and in this collection the isolated large plates are not so remarkable as those of the *Table-Book*, though the pictorial "Preface," with its crowd of microscopic figures, is to the full as ingenious as the "Triumph of Cupid."

Of the *Fairy Library* there is less to say, perhaps because it is better known than the other two. Here is still that delightful figure of the tiny Hop-o'-my-Thumb in his night-cap, sitting up in bed, and listening awestruck to the criminal propositions of his heartless parent; here is Jack, escaping on the winged harp, with a huge piece of rock in dangerous proximity to his devoted head; here is the terrible weak-kneed Ogre (a little like the recollection of a Giant at a fair); here is the pumpkin-coach of Cinderella; and here, too, are the odd prose additions—"Frauds on the Fairies," Dickens called them—which the staunch old water-drinker foisted into the text in praise of temperance. Messrs. Bell deserve our thanks both for the admirable way in which these reprints are produced and for the timely fashion in which they recall to memory a once-popular caterer for the public who, in the crush of modern novelty, seems in some danger of being too readily forgotten.

A HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS.*

THE summer of 1885 has seen the completion of two important works on ornithology—the fourth edition of "Yarrell" and Seebohm's *History of British Birds*; and, however we may estimate their relative value, the fact that the latter has been brought to a conclusion within the promised three years from its commencement, while the former, like the "needless Alexandrine," has dragged its slow length along for more than fourteen, until the copyright itself had nearly run out, makes us not unnaturally regard Mr. Seebohm's volumes more generously than the "Yarrell" for which we have known so many weary years of waiting. It is probable that the true cause of the delay, while the edition remained in Professor Newton's hands, lies in the fact that it is a new edition. Had it been an original work the difficulties would not have been nearly so great, as Mr. Howard Saunders, who edits the third and fourth volumes, has discovered. The new, and perhaps the final, edition is however completed, and, with all the advantages of pleasant type and pretty illustrations, will remain, what it always has been, a very popular book. It may be some time before Mr. Seebohm's *History of British Birds* becomes equally appreciated. Yarrell and Hewitson's *Oology* (the third edition with Wolley's notes) are formidable rivals for any new book on British birds, no matter with what ability it might be compiled, or how original its information or successful its illustrations. But the reputation of this work cannot be long delayed; it has been done very thoroughly, the promise of the first part has been sustained throughout, and the coloured plates of eggs which form so important a feature of these volumes are upon the whole very satisfactory. It must be remembered that the process by which these illustrations are obtained is in itself an imperfect one; the fault has not necessarily lain with the artist; there are technical difficulties connected with chromolithography quite sufficient to account for occasional imperfection, and we need not too severely criticize the result. That everything relating to bird-life, even of our own islands, is now established beyond all future question, and that there is no room for further investigation, our author would be among the last to contend; nor will the editors of "Yarrell" be more likely to rank themselves with those naturalists, few in number, who believe there are now no ornithological worlds to conquer. Of the existence of such well-satisfied people Mr. Seebohm himself assures us. Conversing with a Continental naturalist of high official position, whose name he considerably withholds,

we discoursed, (he says) on evolution, in which my learned friend did not believe, and on various other subjects—ornithological, anthropological, and geographical—until finally I was gravely informed that all these questions had been exhaustively treated of in the manuscripts which my friend intended to leave in the hands of his executors, and that after their publication no further books upon science would be necessary! It seems inconceivable that ignorance almost as grave could exist in our own country; but I was once seriously told by an enthusiastic admirer of the "Catalogue of Birds in the British Museum" that ornithology was nearly played out, and that when that voluminous work was completed there would be little or nothing left for ornithologists to do! . . . It is impossible to estimate the unfathomable abyss of ignorance in which learned scientific men are content to dwell.

It would be easy to point out differences of opinion between Yarrell and Seebohm which would afford ample scope for the energies of such "learned scientific men," and as a preliminary excursus we would suggest an exhaustive treatise on the Guillemot. Are the two forms of the bird, the common and the ringed, permanent or accidental, and is Brunnich's Guillemot a variable or a well-defined species? Or, as a contribution towards classification, they might give us their views upon the exact position of the petrels, and tell us whether with Selater we should seek their nearest affinities in the gulls, or with Forbes associate them with the herons, pelicans, and birds of prey. But the openings for close scientific research are infinite, and will tax the energies of naturalists for years to come. Mr. Seebohm puts this very

* George Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, *Table-Book*, and *Fairy Library*. London: George Bell & Sons. 1885.

* *A History of British Birds; with Coloured Illustrations of their Eggs*. By Henry Seebohm. Parts V. and VI. London: R. H. Porter, 6 Tenterden Street; and Dulau & Co.

forcibly in his Introduction to the third volume—a chapter which, by the way, contains an admirable summary of what has been already written upon the history of birds. Possibly his own attempts to arrange his feathered friends, too often unfortunately his victims, into classes and orders has led him to apply the same scientific process to ornithologists, whom he divides into four groups—1. Those who study the bodies of birds in the dissecting-room; 2. Those who study the skins in the museums; 3. Those who study ornithology in the library (among whom as an inferior variety he would, no doubt, place the reviewers); and 4. Those who watch living birds in their native haunts. It is from the first of these that he would ultimately expect a true system of classification; but he tells us:—

To be a good ornithologist it is necessary to have a knowledge of the morphology of all vertebrate animals, and to know something of that of the invertebrates. The widely different branches of morphology are so complex that in the present state of the science it requires a lifetime devoted to each before reliable results can be anticipated; and we must look forward to a second generation of morphologists, working on evolutionary lines, before the discrepancies in the views of the various specialists can be collated and sufficiently harmonized to make a classification of birds possible. Anatomists will find abundant fields of labour to illustrate or correct the conclusions which Huxley has drawn from a study of the bones of the palate. We want half a dozen other Huxleys to study and compare other parts of the skeleton with the same care and judgment.

Clearly Mr. Seebohm entertains no present prospect of finality, and with his conclusion few naturalists, we imagine, are likely to disagree.

In the Introduction, to which we have already referred, Mr. Seebohm refers to the literature which has marked the progress of ornithology. We are not surprised to find that he assigns the foremost place to a work which is very little known in England. Naumann's *Birds of Germany*. Begun in 1820 and completed in 1844, in twelve octavo volumes of six hundred pages each, it shows a knowledge on the part of the author of the habits of birds, their plumage, songs, call-notes, food, and all the details of their history, which only a lifetime devoted to most careful observation could have enabled him to acquire. Naumann's volumes have, unfortunately, never been translated; we say unfortunately, for there are hundreds of observers, more or less competent, in the field to whom a scientific book in any language but their own is, for all practical purposes, in an unknown tongue, and whose studies of bird-life must always lack the exactness which only a knowledge of what has already been observed can give. We cannot too strongly urge upon the field naturalist the importance of book-learning. Before he can be at all qualified to record his own observations, he must have acquainted himself with what is known and has been recorded already, or he will fall into frequent error, and will waste valuable opportunities which may never recur; but it is not every book which will direct him aright; too frequently our popular writers have lacked the requisite personal acquaintance with bird-life, and in consequence have accepted and recorded statements which subsequent observation in the field has seriously modified or disproved. Even such works as Dresser's *Birds of Europe*, admirable as it is, may not be received entirely without reserve. Thus Dresser states that the purple heron (*Ardea purpurea*) does not assume its full plumage until it is three years old, whereas it completes its adult plumage in less than two; and, again, his illustration of the male, in autumn, of the common redshank is really that of a young bird in its first plumage. Bowdler Sharpe's Catalogue of Birds in the British Museum is a work of the highest class, and its author is not too warmly commended by Mr. Seebohm when he says that "few have done more or had a more beneficial influence in directing the labours of others"; but Sharpe's work is purely that of the Museum. Harting's *Handbook of British Birds* (1872) is chiefly valuable for its lists of the various alleged occurrences of the rarer species. Macgillivray, though without rival in the knowledge of birds that came under his own observation—and there are few more delightful essays than those in which the genial Scotch naturalist directs his pupils' labours in the field—is not an authority on systematic ornithology. For accuracy of observation, as well as for the unaffected appreciation of nature which breathes in every page, White's *Natural History of Selborne* will ever hold the foremost place. It is not, however, as a great ornithologist that we regard that most pleasant writer, but as one who has taught us how to observe; and it is no exaggeration to affirm that the *History of Selborne* and the exquisite little woodcuts of the earlier editions of Bewick have brought more recruits to the study of birds than all the histories, popular or scientific, which have been given to the press.

In our former notice of the *History of British Birds*, when part only of the first volume was in our hands, we took occasion to remark upon the easy, pleasant strain in which it was written, "redolent of the field rather than of the study." The style and character of the work are continued throughout. We commend, for instance, the description of the migrations of the willow-wren; a prettier picture of bird-life could hardly have been written. There are occasional and somewhat trenchant criticisms of the errors and wilfulness of others; but these are well atoned for by frequent and generous acknowledgment of obligation. And, if the author has at times allowed his patient soul to be vexed by persistent misstatements or capricious variations in nomenclature, he has yet shown such an earnest anxiety to verify his descriptions that his anger is surely pardonable. His claim, too, that he has tried to the utmost of his ability to take his facts from nature—travelling far and wide

in the endeavour to find them for himself, instead of copying them from books—is one his readers will find no difficulty in accepting. There are pleasanter experiences than to wander lost and foodless in a vast Siberian forest, and to follow migratory birds to their northern summer breeding-grounds is a pursuit that involves at times no small discomfort; but for those who can endure extremes of heat and cold, and are not too particular about food and rest, a journey into the northern regions of Europe and of Asia in pursuit of birds is not without its charms; and we imagine that the example which Mr. Seebohm has set will ere long be imitated by many ardent naturalists, who will find no pleasure so great as to follow our migratory birds into their summer haunts, and feel amply rewarded if they are fortunate enough to complete some of the links yet wanting to make bird history complete.

HOISTING THE FLAG.*

THE subject of this book has not been neglected in these columns, while much which it contains has already been made known to our readers. But there are a few particulars which it was worth while to put in a permanent form, gained by personal observation of the writer. The Union Jack has been formally hoisted in New Guinea several times—first by Captain Moresby; next by order of Sir Thomas McIlwraith, the ex-premier of Queensland; afterwards by Mr. Deputy Commissioner Romilly, at the order of Lord Derby; and, lastly, by Commodore Erskine, of the *Nelson*, "on behalf of her Majesty the Queen." The ceremony on each of the above occasions was made as solemn and impressive as possible; but Commodore Erskine's proceedings throw all the others into the shade. A new Union Jack was prepared. It is of royal blue, "with a white square in the corner, filled in with a representation of a bird of paradise." Nine copies of this Jack now wave in nine different parts of New Guinea—Hall Sound, Motu-Motu, Kerepuna, Toulon Island, in Amazon Bay; Du Faure Island, in Argyle Bay; Stacey Island, at South Cape; Dinner Island, the Kellerton Islands, and Port Moresby, a large territory, extending from the Dutch boundary to East Cape, and the adjacent islands, eastward to Kosman Island. The population has been variously estimated; it is only certain that not less than two hundred thousand men, women, and children lead idle lives in those hot places of the earth, and what will become of them under our Protectorate there is nothing at present to help us to say. Commodore Erskine made the most of the occasion in performing "the duly authorized and proper ceremony" of declaring the new Protectorate. Two British ships, the *Espergle* and *Raven*, were sent east and west of Port Moresby to collect the chiefs of the Motu tribe, and bring them to assist at the Commodore's function; the *Espergle*, on board of which was the Rev. J. Chalmers, went as far as Round Head, and the *Raven*, with a native teacher, went to Redscar Bay. The other chiefs were brought in overland by the Rev. W. G. Lawes. The *Espergle* was in luck, having brought two chiefs, who the day before her arrival had been at war, which ended in the killing and wounding of several natives and burning of a village, all "through a dispute in reference to payment for a girl who had been stolen." Some fifty chiefs came to salute the new flag, and enter into a compact to "keep the peace for ever and ever." "Most of them were destitute of clothing, the mop-like hair and foreheads of some being bound round with bands of small shells, and otherwise ornamented with tufts of feathers." "Two or three wore old shirts, and Boe Vagi, the head chief, was dressed in a shirt, with a handkerchief round his loins, a red felt hat on his head, and some green leaves stuck in the lobe of his left ear." The chiefs were conducted over the ship by the missionaries. "Then a great tub of rice sweetened with brown sugar was brought on deck, and basins of this mixture were handed round to the chiefs, who devoured the rice with evident satisfaction." Then "everybody was photographed." "Then Boe Vagi was requested to step forward." "Then the Commodore addressed Boe Vagi, who was with much formal ceremony appointed head chief, and also received from the Commodore an ebony stick with a florin let in at the top, the Queen's head being uppermost." "Then all the chiefs went into the Commodore's cabin, and each was presented with a tomahawk, a butcher's knife, a coloured shirt, and some figs of tobacco." "The Commodore did not fail to notice the chief who had burnt the village of another, telling him that in future he would not be allowed to commit such an act, but that he must seek redress through the Queen's officer, and the man was evidently impressed by what was said to him." "Then some of the ship's guns were fired off." "A Nordenfeldt was directed at a target in the water, and a Gatling was placed in the foretop, and several rounds of ball cartridges were fired, to the evident astonishment of the chiefs"; but "the greatest wonder was the firing and bursting of a shell, and afterwards the firing of a shot from one of the 18-ton guns at a range of nearly four thousand yards." "At night the *Nelson* was brilliantly illuminated with blue lights, and the electric light was exhibited. Rockets shot up into the air from the *Nelson* and the *Espergle*, and the *Nelson's* steam fog-horn, having the power of making a most unearthly noise, was sounded." The Commodore's address was translated into the Motu language by the Rev. W. G.

* *New Guinea: an Account of the Establishment of the British Protectorate over the Southern Shores of New Guinea.* By Charles Lyne. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

Lawes, the Union Jack was saluted, the National Anthem sung. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired, the ships of war were almost instantly dressed from stem to stern with flags, the Royal Standard flew from the *Nelson's* main, and a *feu-de-joie* of three rounds concluded the warlike noise. The *Sydney Morning Herald* sent a "Special Commissioner" to report all these things, which were read with much pride and interest by the Australian people, and now form the volume before us. A similar ceremonial was observed at each of the nine localities named above, while it will not fail to be noticed that in all the places where the Union Jack has been planted it is placed under the protection of the missionaries. Dinner Island, indeed, "belongs to the London Missionary Society, who are said to have purchased it from the natives for a very small sum of money represented by 'trade.'" The description of Queen Koloka, who lives at Cape Suckling, and who is waited upon by other female natives as maids of honour, the account of the school children, and the writer's feelings as he comes in contact with many new things, are given with fairness and moderation; "there are some good and noble traits among the people, but these stand out in bold relief as exceptions, like some solitary-looking flowers in a desert, just indicating what the soil might produce if it were cultivated." Little hope is held out by the author for any speedy white settlement; the soil is good; but the climate is bad. "The heat along the southern coast is not only intense, but it is 'muggy.'" "Gold probably exists in the mountains; but there is no sign of it to be seen among the coast natives." Coconut-trees are abundant; so are sago palms; yams, taro, sweet potatoes, mammy apples, oranges, and sugar-canes grow in luxuriant plenty. But the rainfall is constant and copious, there is much fever, and little good animal food. Game is plentiful, especially in the vicinity of the Kaloki River. Pigeons are numerous, the principal of which is the gowra, crested, weighing five or six pounds, having a handsome purple plumage; and ducks and geese abound in the swamps. The book is illustrated with nine photographs, and Queen Kaloka figures in gold on the outside, fair examples of the general attractions of New Guinea. The chapter devoted to the labour traffic in Queensland is too slight to be of much service, and based on insufficient evidence to make it impressive to readers who may hear of it for the first time, while it is not of the slightest use to those who have followed the story in the columns of the press. We notice it only to repeat our belief that such stories have now become impossible, and that the Government of Queensland have taken ample means to prevent their ever recurring.

THE COACHING AGE.*

THERE are no fewer than 468 large pages in Mr. Stanley Harris's book, and we have, with a very great deal of diligence, searched through them to find an excuse for the publication of so bulky a work as *The Coaching Age*; but we can discover little that seems to justify the author. There is a certain amount of adroitness in the title, it must be admitted. "The coaching age" extends from the invention of coaches to the date when they were superseded by railways, so that scope is supplied for almost anything that pertains, however remotely, to the history of travelling throughout a wide period of years; but the author has not taken advantage of his opportunities. He has told us a few, a very few, facts of some interest about coaching when what is now mainly a pastime was pursued as a serious business, always, however, with its "sporting" side. It is the element of sport about the business of coaching which gives it the attraction it possesses. There was much that was picturesque and entertaining about sketches of the old days of coaching, one side of which Dickens made so much of, though he did not touch the sporting side to which we have referred, not having amongst his gifts the capacity for appreciating the points which would have appealed so strongly to a Whyte-Melville, had the lot of that cheery writer been cast a few years earlier. It is easy work to write such sketches, for the whole resources of the English climate are at the disposal of the author. He can imagine himself on the box-seat of the coach as day dawns in the spring, and the road between the budding hedges is first revealed by other light than that of the lamps. The life of the fields is before him for description, and he can make great capital out of the well-supplied tavern at Christmas-time, with its old English fare, its hearty landlord, comfortable hostess, and pretty barmaid. The fare was not always good, the landlord hearty, the hostess comfortable, nor the barmaid bright and smiling; but then there is some scope for the writer's powers of quaint description. A few types of character would always come in well, and the duties, troubles, and pleasures of coachmen, guards, and others connected with the interest might be traced. But coaching has been curiously unfortunate in its historians. Many books have been written on the subject, but we have never come across one which treated efficiently the promising theme. One frequent fault in coaching books is the relation of the most commonplace stories about the most commonplace people. To the author of these works, as a rule, any man who has been employed to drive four horses appears a fit subject for the fullest biographical examination. Mr. Harris follows the general cue. There is, for example, the career of one Cooper, who drove a coach. He had a sister or a daughter—Mr. Harris does not

know which—who married a man with a wooden leg. Cooper's exploits, which were in no way remarkable, are narrated at length, and we are told that "When the coaches were driven off the road, Chaplin got Cooper the appointment of station-master at Richmond, where he died, after having filled the office for a good many years, and, I rather think, retired on a pension." Suppose Cooper did retire on a pension, what then? Or, supposing that he did not, why should the circumstance be recorded in a large book? If Cooper served long enough and did his work as station-master well, he would have had a pension. If he had died before the limit of service beyond which pensions are granted, his salary would have ceased, and obviously no pension could have been paid him. Of what interest to the world are Mr. Stanley Harris's uncertain reminiscences of Cooper's pecuniary condition?

Mr. Harris tells a number of stories, one of which we append as a specimen. Nelson was a coach proprietor:—

For instance, a gentleman one day making a complaint with respect to a coachman or guard, Nelson closed the discussion by remarking that if his coachman or guard was not fit for his place, he wouldn't be there. On another occasion a gentleman called to see him, when Nelson sent word by his waiter that he was engaged; so the gentleman said he would stay till he was at liberty. Not wishing to see him, Nelson went out; and the gentleman, after waiting about an hour, inquired of the waiter again whether he was disengaged, when he was told Mr. Nelson had gone out, so of course he left. On Nelson's return, he said to the waiter, "Well, Charles, how did you get rid of your visitor?" Charles explained the circumstances under which he had left, not in the best of tempers.

Dispassionately considering the story, we may ask whether it is so humorous, so witty, so entertaining, or so instructive as to justify its narration? But perhaps Mr. Harris is most exasperating when he struggles to be funny, and he does so struggle with a determination which would win him honour in a more worthy cause. Every person above the age of seven who is able to read has smiled faintly once at the idea suggested by the misplacing of the adjective which for the sake of brevity describes as a "perfect lady's hunter" an animal that, were words not expensive in advertisements, would be set forth as a "perfect hunter to carry a lady." To variations of this one little joke—if it be a joke—Mr. Harris devotes four whole pages. We have the "perfect lady's hunter," the "perfect child's pony," the "handsome child's pony," the "capital boy's hunter," and a dozen more. Soon afterwards Mr. Harris becomes very sly indeed. He wants to tell a story of a dull man, and what does the reader suppose the waggish author names him? He is called "Green," "which, I think, my narrative will show is a most appropriate name," he adds, for fear the reader should lose the point of the nomenclature. And this is not all. Green's father was excessively simple, "and hence I have adopted for him the name of *Very Green*," the author writes, italics and all. We need not refer to the anecdote of the Greens, which indeed is not worth reference. Once Mr. Harris (who, by the way, writes of a man's *bonâ fides*) was in a little town. He had nothing to do, and so he strolled into a tailor's shop. The tailor had nothing to say—in fact, he seemed afraid of saying anything, not knowing what his visitor might want.

Although I failed in increasing my stock of information [Mr. Harris says] I passed away an hour, more agreeably than by hanging about in the village. My companion was very civil, and by no means an unfavourable specimen of the ninth part of a man.

Every one who opens *The Coaching Age* will be delighted to hear that Mr. Harris was entertained, because he may seek entertainment from other tailors, and so be too much occupied to write more books; but what has this innumerate tailor to do with "the coaching age," and why is he introduced? Here is another story:—

He [this is a coachman out of work] applied to Costar and Waddell, the large coach-proprietors at Oxford, for a situation; but from the remark that old Costar made, I assume that his appearance was not quite of the "down-the-road" order, and led Costar to doubt whether it would be advisable to employ him.

Costar remarked to some one who was with him that he "didn't like the curl in the brim of the young man's hat." Jack did not hear the remark at the time; but by some means it afterwards reached his ears, when, as he said in telling the story to me, "I soon had the curl out of the brim of my hat."

To say we had a hearty laugh over it is perhaps quite unnecessary.

So far from considering it unnecessary on the part of Mr. Harris to observe that he and his friends had a hearty laugh, we regard the statement as very remarkable.

Some information Mr. Harris does convey. His sketch of Mr. McAdam in the chapter on "Road Engineers" tells something that is not generally known; and here and there a fact about the customs of the road, the duties of coachmen, and so on, has interest. Interest, however, is far to seek in the chapter on "The New Coach at St. Stephen's," a feeble satire likening the Government and the Opposition to rival coaches; and once more we are driven to ask, What has this to do with the coaching age, even if it were worth publishing at all—which it was not?

The illustrations by Mr. John Sturgess are a redeeming feature. The drawings are reproduced by lithography, which enables the artist to obtain effects of light and shade almost impossible in the process of reproduction, which, by reason of its cheapness and rapidity of manipulation, has for many purposes superseded wood-engraving. The frontispiece, "Making way for the mail," is a case in point. The reflection of the lamps on the galloping horses is very effective. Many of the pictures are, in fact, excellent. "Exposed to the pelting blast" very cleverly conveys the sense of the situation. To compare Mr. Sturgess with Leech would be out of the question. Leech was essentially a humourist,

* *The Coaching Age*. By Stanley Harris (an Old Stager). Illustrated by John Sturgess. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1885.

and of humour Mr. Sturgess's drawings show no trace. The faces of Leech's men and women were always full of expression; a mere dot told a tale—tells a tale, for the drawings happily survive—and the pictures were comedies; whereas Mr. Sturgess's men and women are usually stiff and often clumsy. But as regards horses we hold Mr. Sturgess far superior to Leech. Such sketches as that which Leech drew of Mr. Jorrocks's famous "quad" are inimitable and unsurpassable—we are thinking of "Come hup, I say, you huggy brute!" But for lifelike representations of horses, and especially of horses in action, we hold Mr. Sturgess to be superior to Leech; and the details of the living draughtsman's pictures, the harness, and so on, have a scrupulous accuracy which was not always found in the *Punch* artist. That Leech's faculty was the higher and rarer need scarcely be remarked; but let us give each man his due. Leech could not have drawn with such fidelity and spirit the group of entangled horses in the picture which shows the collision of two coaches—feebly named "Passengers who sat still were unhurt." On the other hand, Leech could not have brought himself to draw some of the dummies which do duty for men in certain of Mr. Sturgess's pictures, such, for example, as the burlesque of humanity placed behind the coachman in "No four-horse harness." The standard work on coaching has yet to be written. It is desirable that the task should not be long delayed, as men who were familiar with the old roads at the time when coaches ran are growing scarce; but the field is still open. The book is unwritten—at least it has not been printed.

FOUR NOVELS.*

THE world of whose beauty Mr. Duffield is the oracular exponent is something very different from that which is presented with wearisome iteration to the jaded novel-reader. The cosmic presentment has just so much of the remote or the unfamiliar as might be expected of the modern Ulysses possessed by a passion for reforming the world. It is, in short, both interesting and stimulating, and altogether independent of a story which, to tell the truth, errs considerably in the art of narration. Mr. Duffield's world is peopled by a brave and complex humanity, which, though set forth in no transcendental spirit, collectively suggests little of the world of all of us. There are a confederacy of social renovators, a real lord bitten with the prevalent zeal for reform, ladies who lead society, Methodist preachers, the British workman, a ballet-girl, and last, though not least, a bishop. Many of these persons—we have the author's word for it—are studies after life, and one very distinguished prophet and preacher is transparently and cruelly caricatured in no very delicate guise. If, however, Mr. Edward Irvington and the fair saints of his Church are roughly tumbled by Mr. Duffield's hero, even more ungentle is his treatment of bishops. He cannot "abide" a bishop, and never loses a chance of betraying his animosity. The bishop is the great obstacle to the diffusion of a healthy perception of the beauty of the world which lies dormant under the accumulated moral and physical evils of society. To be a bishop is, in Mr. Tobias Elejuice's estimation, an unpardonable offence, and that it should be said of any one "There is a bishop in the family" would, we presume, be his most charitable extenuation of any amount of moral obliquity. "The bishops," he humorously remarks, "ought to be numbered with the dangerous classes"; he is completely of the mind of the Rev. Mr. Portpipe, who, from the fall of man by the fruit of knowledge, deduced the corollary that "learning is vanity and a great evil, and therefore very properly discountenanced by bishops, priests, and deacons." Yet for all this, and in spite of Mr. Elejuice's formidable catalogue of some thirty bishops of his acquaintance, this particular bishop can only be accepted with the reserve deemed necessary in recognizing Mr. Edward Irvington. This somewhat lengthy digression is absolutely necessary to the right apprehension of Mr. Duffield's cosmos, and of the important influence of the bishop upon the synthetic revelation of its beauty. The author's title-phrase is, as the judicious will remember, Hamlet's, and it is also employed by Lord Bacon as synonymous with "the souls of the living." In *The Beauty of the World* it is the shibboleth of certain enthusiasts whose vast scheme of social regeneration is a powerful organization against all manner of shams and insincerities and the oppressions that are done under the sun. From the preface of "three or four words"—or fore-words, as the purists say—we learn that the spiritual significance of the phrase was first manifested to the author when suffering from the unforeseen consequences of his militant philanthropy. In the midst of a gruesome concatenation of evils the "beauty of the world" arose like a vision of consolation. So it is with Tobias Elejuice, the beneficent hero of the story, who springs like an angel of light out of an ugly abyss of corruption. He is the son of a disreputable pawnbroker and money-lender, whose clever imitation of antique jewellery and the like have brought him much gain. In his youth he robs his father and absconds, but is at length converted by one Sam Flick, a Methodist preacher, once famous through all

the Midlands as the ringleader of all the wickedness of "the ferociously wicked town of Hampton." The exploits of the regenerate Flick and the diversions of the Staffordshire artisans are set forth with great power and skill, and not less admirable are the graphic sketches of life in the manufacturing centres of hardware and the Potteries with the "murdered landscape" around them. Methodism, however, has no charms for Tobias. Reconciled to his father, he acquires the control of his business and proceeds to develop his philanthropic scheme by transforming 13,000 of his poor customers into shareholders of the "Gold Roof Building Society" by a gift of 13,000*l.* The scheme thrives until it attracts the attention of rich men in all parts of the country, and Tobias becomes a notable man, the friend of the Prime Minister, and a power in the land. When, however, the second volume is reached, and Tobias is presented as a widower with a large family, the defective construction of the story becomes apparent. The chronicles of Hampton and of the Elejuices, already sufficiently prolix, are gradually blurred by the arbitrary entrances and exits of a number of subordinate persons who sadly confuse the action and hinder the progress of the chief characters. Moreover, a great opportunity is missed of enlarging and deepening the human interest of the story in the episode of the loves of Esther Elejuice and Vernon Basset. Basset, who subsequently becomes the Earl of Glandsdale, is enamoured of the beautiful Esther, and determines, in accordance with the ordinances of the Gold Roof Guild, to work for a while at some handicraft, and propitiate his beloved and her family. The incident is not a little incredible. After much tribulation he is admitted to a manufactory in a Midland town. It causes him no surprise or suspicion that he, an aristocrat masquerading as a British workman, should so easily obtain a responsible position and become the friend of the manager of the factory, and yet remain in ignorance of the source of his good fortune. Not until he visits his friends at Hampton does he learn how all his movements have been watched and controlled by Tobias and the Gold Roof fraternity, even as the apprenticeship of Wilhelm Meister was familiar to Jarno and the Abbé. The course of Mr. Duffield's story is exceedingly eccentric; its defect lies in the telling, which by no means accords with the power and originality of its conception and characterization.

What is a Girl to Do? is the autobiography of a clever young lady, endowed with valuable talents and still more valuable common sense, who fights the battle of life with distinguished success, although an orphan in poor circumstances and defrauded of her inheritance by a villainous uncle. Sweet and engaging is the first ingenuous confession of her memoirs:—"Like most clever girls, I was fond from an early age of the society of men. They have been to such numbers of places and done so many things which to us are forbidden." How delicate and true is this touch of nature, how often is the sentiment discernible in the conduct of young ladies of very tender months, who, pining in their nurse's arms, are appeased by the attentions of grown-up uncles and nephews. Lilian West, however, is a model of decorum, even though she scorns certain social conventions. She does not flirt, and is not in the least degree fast or yet prudish; she pursues her even course of conquest through three volumes by sheer good sense and tact, subduing concert promoters, opera managers, critics, and journalists, and taking captive in chains the gods of Mammon. The story of her successes might reasonably be told in one of the three volumes of large type devoted to its development, for nothing could well be s lighter or of less tragic interest. Yet the padding, though of the most undisguised kind, is skillfully combined with the thin thread of fiction, and Mr. Sutherland Edwards writes of Russia and Russian society, together with the battle-fields of the Franco-German War, so pleasantly that we do not resent such digressions. The most vivacious scenes in the novel are descriptive of the world of music and the theatre, and the best character sketches are clever studies of critics and managers, of amateur organizers of charity concerts, and the like. Very good of its kind is the description of a supper given in celebration of the one hundredth performance of the popular drama, *Time*, the whole credit of which production is claimed individually by the joint authors, Messrs. Murdo and Josling, and the manager, Mr. Mountjoy. Equally good is the description of an opera *première*, at which Lilian West makes her début as Amina.

His Good Angel belongs to the large class of novels—somewhat old-fashioned, we fear—that depend on incident and scenic variety and melodramatic movement. It presents no evolutions of character, no studies in the spurious scientific spirit of naturalism, nothing of the criticism of life, and is altogether free from that painful analysis of motives which waits on action through a score of chapters till action limps under the accumulated burden. If we have met the *dramatis personæ* previously in other guises and under other names, they are of the fine old crusted types that never weary if fairly well treated. Crime meets with its just retribution, the wicked thrive but for a volume or so, and then wither or are cut down, virtue triumphs, and all the good old canons of orthodox romance are strictly observed. The forlorn and beautiful orphan heroine is beloved by a good-looking and rather weak-minded lord, whose younger brother is a villain of such unimpeachable wickedness that the tender-hearted reader must yearn for his destruction until it is judiciously consummated at the end of the third volume. There are also a jolly retired captain in the army—the best character in the book—and a "gentleman-rider," the evil genius of the villain, who comes to a sad end in the epilogue while practising

* *The Beauty of the World*. By A. J. Duffield. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1885.

What is a Girl to Do? By H. Sutherland Edwards. London: Chapman & Hall. 1885.

His Good Angel. By Arthur Ready. London: John and Robert Maxwell. 1885.

Don Luis; or, the Church Militant. Adapted from the Spanish of Juan Valera. By Ivan Theodore. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

the congenial tricks of a welsher. Lord Ellaby, before he meets his good angel, Esther Langton, is a dissipated hypochondriac, whose morbid tastes are designedly encouraged by his young brother Wilfred Langton to the end that he may succeed him in the title. The angelic Esther proves a counter-attraction to his wiles until chance throws in his way the marriage certificate of Esther's parents, which he promptly destroys and then brutally reproaches her with illegitimacy. This hazardous experiment succeeds, because there were grave doubts among his friends whether Harry Langton had married the young ballet-girl who became Esther's mother. Esther flies from Ellaby Hall, takes refuge in London with her father's old friend, Captain Pendlebury, and, after many vicissitudes, is able to expose the enormities of Wilfred Langton just as he is very slowly poisoning his brother at Cannes. The story is told with a good deal of bustle and spirit, and its interest is well sustained to the end.

Don Luis; or, the Church Militant deals with a psychological problem which in many forms has interested novelists and poets. In a series of letters to his spiritual father, a devout and enthusiastic youth who is designed for the Church reveals the birth and progress of the passion of love in language that is a mass of casuistry and self-betrayal. Ignorant of the world, of studious and introspective habits, young Luis de Vargas is suddenly called from his books to visit his father, a country gentleman who is one of many suitors for the hand of the beautiful and fascinating widow, Doña Pepita Jimenez. Like a moth to the candle is the student attracted to the lovely lady. The novelty and idleness of the outdoor life and the intoxicating beauty of nature are allies of the lady, who loves him at first sight; and though he replies to the warnings of the old priest with regard to Pepita that he only seeks temptation for the glory of victory, he is insensibly taken captive. All of which is told in a self-revelation of mingled sophistry and passion that is as charming as it is natural. The sequel is told in the form of a narrative. The disagreeable notion that father and son are rivals is agreeably explained away. Love subdues the spiritual egotism and vanity of the student, and in a few passionate moments transmutes him to inspired manhood. The conflict is portrayed with great skill, particularly in the crucial situation, when the young man fights a duel with a detractor of the lady—an emotional transition that is treated in the spirit of an artist.

SMALL YACHTS.*

"ALL manner of virtues," says the author of this very stately volume, "have long been supposed particular attributes of the centre-board. Good qualities, especially speed, have been at a bound ascribed to the mere possession of a board, all other contributing influences being overlooked because more difficult to decipher, analyse, and weigh. Such complete sway had the centre-board attained in American practice owing to the shoal-water origin of our yachting, that vessels, smart in themselves, were built with a shifting fin as a matter of course and no questions asked, the subsequent performance of such good vessels being directly connected with a purely incidental detail of construction, cause and effect being often confounded. As a matter of fact, but one of the lavish array of virtues popularly imputed to the board, when submitted to logical scrutiny, has been susceptible of proof by reference to actual experiment or theoretical investigation, and that one virtue may be offset by counterbalancing advantages of other contrivances."

The advantage alluded to is the greater effectiveness of the centre-board per unit of area in supplying lateral resistance than of a vessel of ordinary type, and of this it need only be said that, as Mr. Kunhardt goes on to show, almost equal advantage can be gained by departing somewhat from the ordinary type; but we do not wish at present to discuss this question. We have quoted the above dictum first from this work because, coming as it does from an American authority of the highest rank, it effectually disposes of the nonsense which was talked about the excellence of the centre-board when the *Puritan*, specially built for the contest for the *America's Cup*, and sold immediately afterwards, beat the good English ship *Genesta*, not built for that special contest, but constructed to meet the English rule of measurement. It was said that the centre-board was a type possessing admirable qualities, including seaworthiness. Now, unless the Yacht Racing Association and all English yacht clubs are and have been for long utterly in the wrong, the centre-board (except for small boats) is as bad a type as can be. It was adopted by the Americans for the very simple reason stated by Mr. Kunhardt, the shoal-water origin of American yachting; and to speak of it as a good sea-going type is much the same thing as it would be to say that because paddle-steamers are best suited for carrying passengers between Dover and Calais, they are best suited for ocean work. The centre-board vessel, weak just where she ought to be strong, and otherwise open to objection, is in some respects a very bad ship; but she is admirably suited for racing in light winds and smooth water. If a pure racing-machine is desired, it is no doubt well to take a vessel with a "shifting fin."

The type will, we trust, never be adopted in English waters, and indeed there are signs that it is losing its popularity in America, though the victory of the *Puritan* may for a time revive

its waning reputation. Mr. Kunhardt, whose work is of an exhaustive character, describes the varieties of small centre-board craft; but for English yachtsmen this part of his work will not have much interest, though some of those who are skilful in the difficult art of boat-sailing may find a good deal well worth their attention in those of his pages which deal with this subject. With regard to keel vessels, he discourses very fully and very learnedly, and with, to say the least, a strong appreciation of the merits of the English type—i.e. of the long, narrow, deep ship. Thus he speaks of the small English cutter *Spankaddillo*, which has a length on L.W.L. of six beams, as a "contradiction to existing prejudices against narrow, deep forms," and says that she is "a dry, powerful vessel which will look at hard weather and turn to windward in a sea which larger boats of the opposite type find it difficult to face, much less make anything good against"; and then goes on to explain that "the secret of her performance lies in the concentration of her ballast and its low situation," in which, no doubt, he is, within certain limits, right, but the discovery scarcely has the novelty which he seems to attribute to it. The value of low ballast concentrated as much as possible towards the middle of the keel, and not spread out along it, has long been a remarkably open secret in England for some time past. About another English cutter, the *Madge*—very small, but considerably larger than the *Spankaddillo*—Mr. Kunhardt is almost enthusiastic; and, indeed, there is something to excite enthusiasm in the performances of this glorious little ship, which in American waters won six races out of seven, and owed her one defeat to an accident. The *Madge* has a length on L.W.L. of more than five beams, and we gather from what Mr. Kunhardt says that he considers proportions of from five to six beams the best for yachts "all round," as giving, when combined with the necessary depth, speed, good behaviour in a sea, and accommodation. In this view he is likely to find many adherents amongst English yachtsmen. A rule of measurement utterly absurd and indefensible on any logical grounds has, by a strange caprice of fate, led, as a naval architect pointed out with admirable clearness some years ago, to the development of an excellent type of vessel. That, owing to the advance in the mechanical skill brought to bear on yachts, there might be grievous abuses of the rule has been shown, and measures have been taken to prevent them; but, though it was very necessary to curb unlimited lead, or, at all events, to prevent those who could afford unlimited indulgence in that luxury from getting absolute command of all racing waters, there can be no doubt that the strange result of an indefensible system has been to produce very good ships. The modern racer has nearly the same proportions of length to beam that some of the great sailing-ships of the clipper period had. How good they were, and how good the modern racer is, need hardly be said. If any doubt existed on the latter point, the spectacle of the *Genesta* sailing cheerily across the Atlantic, running the *Puritan* (against which she never should have raced) hard in one match, beating the only sea-going yacht that dared to come out against her as if she had been under steam, and then scudding back in a continuous gale, is enough to convince any one who has sufficient intelligence and honesty to be convincible.

The victory of the *Puritan* over the *Genesta*, worthless as it must seem to all candid people who know anything about yachting, may for awhile have staggered the faith of those who believe in the type which, if wanting in initial stability, is wanting in nothing else, but nevertheless such a book as Mr. Kunhardt's cannot fail to have a good effect after the impression produced by a sham victory is over. We have dwelt on one portion of the work, that in which the writer indicates his preference for whole-some form, because at this time, when the battle for the *America's Cup* is still fresh in men's memories, it has a special interest; but this is only one feature in an elaborate treatise, and we much wish that space allowed us to notice the large amount of valuable matter which he offers to those who care for sailing yachts; but to do this even briefly would require far more room than we can give, and would moreover necessitate the consideration of a mass of technical detail which, interesting as it is for amateur sailors and designers, is perhaps hardly suited for these columns. It must be sufficient to say, then, that the writer has done his work most thoroughly; and that in a volume which, so far as type and illustration go, leaves nothing to be desired, he has given apparently all the information that can be given about small yachts and a good deal that applies to yachts of all sizes. It may seem strange that so big a book should be written about little pleasure-ships, boats they might almost be called; but it must be remembered that in our days there is a great liking for full and elaborate writing about the more manly sports, and it is certainly a most manly sport that Mr. Kunhardt treats. Such yachting as he speaks of and advocates is perhaps, with the one exception of Alpine climbing, the severest form of play that ever was invented by the wit of man. The owner of the small yacht does not sit placidly and watch the sailing-master steer the ship and the crew do their work. He has a great deal of very hard work to do himself; so much, indeed, that, when the discomfort which has to be undergone is taken into account, some men may naturally ask whether the amateur mariner is not in the fullest sense of the words making a toil of a pleasure. Enthusiasts like Mr. Kunhardt would probably reply, with perfect truth, that to them such toil is the highest form of pleasure, but probably few will go so far as to sympathize with him in the admiration which he expresses for single-handed yachting. Solitude at sea can hardly have charms for many, and, even if it

* *Small Yachts; their Design and Construction.* By C. P. Kunhardt. London: Sampson Low & Co.

has, only a small number of us can hope to be so gifted and so trained as to be able to enjoy it with safety. The single-handed yachtsman must be a thorough seaman, and must have some knowledge of navigation and a full knowledge of the coast off which he cruises; he must be able to do without sleep, must never be sick at sea, must have such intellectual resources as not to suffer from long periods of enforced inaction, and must be a fair cook. Now such qualifications as these can rarely be united in one person.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

THE new volume of *The Magazine of Art* shows no falling off either in the illustrations or the letterpress. The editor contrives to enlist the services of many writers of high literary rank, and evidently sets himself to supply good reading as well as good art. It is a favourable sign of the present interest in such things and the improvement, or at least the progress, of public taste, that a magazine which appeals so much to the cultivated classes should be successful. Art is brought within the reach of all, and when we speak of the "cultivated classes" we do not mean to allude to the higher or the lower class, but to those people, of whatever social rank, who admire what is beautiful and who can give a reason for admiring it. Such illustrations and such articles as may be found in the new volume are calculated to increase this intelligent interest. We often admire without knowing why; but when we have learnt something, and understand what it is that appeals to our senses, our enjoyment is increased, since it becomes at once a pleasure of the senses and of the intellect. To bring this kind of knowledge and this redoubled pleasure within the reach of almost all who care to possess it is a great ambition and deserving of all success. There are many signs of awakening interest such as thirty years ago nobody dreamed of; and where one art magazine could hardly live we have now half a dozen.

We confess to preferring *The Magazine of Art* in its component monthly parts; but the reason for this preference is that we cannot hold up this fine square volume, and yet cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of reading what Mr. Lang has to say on "Japanese Bogies," or Mr. Austin Dobson on "Some Portraits by Hogarth," or Mr. Sidney Colvin on "Old Suffolk." Perhaps, just now, most readers will turn almost instinctively to Mr. Penderel-Brothurst's articles on "Hatfield House," the ancestral home of Lord Salisbury. The illustrations are by Mr. Hatherell, and are very pretty. Here is a fact few of us remember. Some two hundred and fifty of the portraits at Hatfield were collected by Queen Elizabeth herself. They do not seem from Mr. Brothurst's criticisms to be works of very high art, but their interest must be extreme. Mrs. Henry Fawcett contributes articles on the New Forest and on Burnham Beeches, which are very pleasantly illustrated by Mr. A. W. Henley. A series of notices of "Living Artists" includes M. Pavis de Chavannes, of whom the English public know too little; Mr. Vedder, whose *Omar Kayyam* has at length made him known here; Mr. Albert Moore, and Mr. Edward Burne Jones, A.R.A., some of whose drawings are cleverly reproduced. Miss A. Mary F. Robinson writes "Profiles from the French Renaissance," which are instructive as well as entertaining, for to many people Clouet and Delorme are merely names. The drawings of "Old London Doorways" are very pretty; but the accompanying letterpress gives us little or no information as to the architects by whom they were designed or the artists by whom they were carved. Some of the poems which occur at intervals all through the volume are both pleasing in themselves and pleasingly illustrated. Miss Alice Havers's drawing in illustration of Mr. Allingham's tender little "Swing Song" may be specially mentioned. Mr. Stevenson's essay on portraits of Handel is of course *à propos* to the centenary of the great composer, and contains much curious and valuable information, while the facsimiles of various engravings of Handel realize for us Burney's description of him as being full of fire and dignity, and impressive with the air of superiority and genius. It is a pity that he died before either Reynolds or Gainsborough had painted him. We can only name Mr. Blaikie's bright papers on the Dart, Miss Wallace Dunlop's careful studies of Oriental Brass-work, and Miss Harrison's learned papers on ancient art. Altogether this is a worthy instalment of a magazine which has kept up its good reputation through all its eight volumes.

CHRISTMAS LITERATURE.

THE interest of Mr. Wyatt Gill's *Jottings from the Pacific* (Religious Tract Society) is so great as almost to condone the faults of the English in which it is written; but where, as in a good many passages, these faults leave his meaning doubtful, they are not easily forgiven. The anthropological notes are very valuable, but it will need a clearer head than Mr. Gill's to classify them. On almost every page we note something curious. In Niutao, a smooth round pebble was worshipped as a god. On this Mr. Gill quotes Isaiah; he had much better have told us whether the pebble was a totem or a fetish. Certain families there and elsewhere had the privilege of supplying individuals for sacrifice. The tragedies connected with this custom, told in Mr. Gill's cold style, are still very thrilling. The islanders in

Niutao "when counting say *atou*, 'all,' instead of ten, meaning, of course, all the fingers." There is a wonderful cave in Atiu, which Mr. Gill describes as full of stalactites and stalagmites of great beauty. It is possible to travel among them a mile underground, and a lake in the centre abounds in eels and shrimps. The cave is said to have been discovered by a woman named Inutoto, whose husband beat her. She lived here in solitude for many years. Presumably she ate shrimps without bread and butter or tea, poor thing. Her repentant husband sought her in vain, until a woodpecker guided him to the entrance. "Her song," says Mr. Gill, "composed in the cave, has been handed down by tradition, and is now lying before me." He does not quote it for us. In another island was a naughty old man called Eke, who threw two thieves into a pit. "Upon hearing the repeated heavy splash Eke and his companion went home, assured the thieves were drowned. But upon reaching the bottom the cold water somewhat loosened the green thongs with which the poor fellows were bound." Eventually, like Sindbad in a similar case, they escaped by a side opening; but we quote Mr. Gill's words above as an example of the slipshod and ambiguous way in which he writes. According to him it was first Eke and his companion who reached the bottom; then it was the cold water that reached the bottom; finally, it was the thieves. Nevertheless, this is a very interesting book. Mr. Gill, by the way, gives some account of Easter Island and its wonderful statues, of which two, Hoa-Haka-Nana-Ia and a companion, decorate the portico of the British Museum. They must rival some of the colossal monoliths of Egypt. There is, strange to say, a good index.

Another excellent book, chiefly concerned with the South Seas, is Captain Bayly's *Sea Life Sixty Years Ago* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) Here we have plain facts in plain language. Captain Bayly does not throw much glamour or romance over his nautical adventures. He knows too well what a sailor has to undergo, even in a steamer, but still more in a sailing-ship. When the trade of the world was carried on without steamers sea life was a totally different thing from sea life now. Captain Bayly was nearly drowned at Valparaíso in 1825, when the ship he was in was driven ashore. The scene is well and simply described; and the only fault we have to find is that some of the nautical terms will puzzle landmen, and even seamen who have only served in steamers. Altogether Captain Bayly, who was concerned in the discovery of the relics of La Pérouse, and who is now in the Trinity House, employed, as he says, in lessening the dangers of the sea, and guiding the mariner into port, has produced one of those genuine books, abounding in original information, written down from personal knowledge and experience, which are as rare as they are interesting.

Short Studies from Nature (Cassell) is made up of a series of delightful essays on such subjects as dragon-flies, snow, bats, comets, glow-worms, flames, birds of passage, and, in short, the very things that everybody would like to know about; the writers being eminent scientific men, who speak with authority, and have little alphabets after their names. If we may single out for special praise any one chapter, it will be Dr. Brown's account of birds of passage. He notes that birds in their migrations "wing their way over the same route year after year, even though a different one might be shorter." It has been found that in crossing the Mediterranean they "pass over the lines of shallowest water, pointing out where a long-since vanished land connexion existed. . . . They travelled by these land bridges so long that, when they gradually disappeared, the birds, having acquired the habit, transmitted it as an instinct to their descendants." There is much more original work like this in the volume, which has an index, a useful but rare feature in a popular scientific book.

Mr. E. Paxton Hood's last work, finished only a little before his death in the summer of 1885, is *The King's Windows* (Religious Tract Society). It relates to science considered in the poet's and essayist's, but chiefly in the religious teacher's aspects. The chapters, which were first published in the *Leisure Hour*, will interest grown-up readers who like their facts well wrapped up in fancies, and enjoy the line of thought indicated by such a sentence as this, which commences an essay headed "Fair Colours":—"The rainbow is, from many points of view—the scientific, the poetic, the picturesque, the religious, the natural, or the atmospheric—one of the most beautiful and interesting objects in nature."

Two historical compilations of very different character are before us. The first is Mr. John Stoughton's *Golden Legends of the Olden Time* (Hodder & Stoughton). The phrase "olden time" has been so misused as to have become forbidding, but the reader who is deterred by it on Mr. Stoughton's title-page will lose some interesting historical sketches. The author is, of course, as becomes an eminent Dissenter, strictly Protestant, though he treats of the legendary lives of the early Christians, the female martyrs, St. Francis of Assisi, the churches in Rome, the Holy Grail, and many similar subjects. As a rule the sketches are too slight, the impression they leave being incomplete. Again we are happy to notice the appearance of an index, a phenomenon much more frequent in books of this class than it used to be a few years ago, or even last year. *The Stories of the Reign of Queen Victoria*, by Cornelius Brown (Griffith & Farran), is an attempt to tell concisely and impartially the story of great national movements and of the general progress of the country, as well as of "the famous men and women who have contributed to the welfare of Great Britain

during the Victorian Era." Mr. Brown has struggled with many difficulties. Several of the events he has mentioned or described are still matters of controversy; and his resolution to omit politics leaves his work half-finished and sometimes incomprehensible. At the same time, in a book intended partly at least for boys, politics would be unsuitable, and we cannot therefore controvert Mr. Brown's assertion that no boy "can make himself familiar with the reign of our beloved Queen without a thrill of loyalty, patriotism, and pride." The avoidance of politics leaves the story of General Gordon, for instance, like Whateley's account of Bonaparte in Scriptural language, simply incredible.

We have received several volumes of prints of more or less sacred character. Among these, a reprint of the cuts of the *Parables* which Sir J. E. Millais contributed to *Good Words* some twenty years ago, and now at length issued separately by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge with a puzzling preface, will probably be very attractive. Why the S.P.C.K. should hesitate to tell all about the history of these cuts we cannot even guess. It would be interesting to know how they came to be sold, who bought them, and so forth, and the knowledge could not injure the Society, whereas the refusal to take the public into its confidence suggests all kinds of otherwise groundless suspicions. It is the same with *The Sermon on the Mount*, with an Introduction by the Bishop of Ripon (Hodder & Stoughton), which consists of a series of American woodcuts, some of them very good, but the great majority, including the borders, very slight and generally very poor. *The Life of Our Lord, Illustrated from the Italian Painters of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Centuries* (National Society), has the advantage of an introduction and notes by Mr. Palgrave, the new Professor of Poetry at Oxford. The pictures are of various degrees of merit; some depend more on the method of chromolithography employed for their effect than on the original pictures. The preface informs us that they were printed in Paris. It is hardly necessary to say anything of Professor Palgrave's notes, since we cannot quote them; but any one who wants to understand what art-lovers see to love in "gold grounds" had better read it.

A book of American cuts is *The Village Blacksmith, Illustrated* (Griffith & Farran). They are unequal, the best being two or three landscape subjects near the end. Another illustrated poem "from over the sea" is *Maud Müller*, by John G. Whittier (Eyre & Spottiswoode). The pictures are in colour, and come marvellously near Mr. Caldecott. They are by George Carline, who, we regret to say, has chosen to make the country maiden hideous. The little poem is melancholy enough; but the Judge who loved and rode away was abundantly justified, according to Mr. Carline.

Among the annuals we may name the *Art Journal* (Virtue), which has an etched frontispiece, the "Apple Seller," after Saintin, a plain but graceful girl in a mob-cap. The articles in this volume include a most interesting series on the "Early Madonnas of Raphael," by Mr. Wallis, profusely illustrated; "Hammersmith and Chiswick," by Mr. Stephens, with pretty sketches by Mr. Tristram Ellis; and "London Clubland," by Mr. Joseph Hatton, illustrated by Mr. W. Hatherell. The steel engraving of "Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*," after Mr. Orchardson's picture in the Chantrey collection, is very superior to that after Mr. Poynter's "Venus and Esculapius," in the same gallery; but the Orchardson lends itself to engraving from its want of colour and the amount of "canvas to let"; while Mr. Poynter's picture would probably defy even a first-rate etcher, and is quite unsuited to line, especially line of so tame a character.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Abbé Favre, who has devoted himself to the study of one of the most interesting of the great French pulpit orators of the palmy days of pulpit oratory in France, has produced another goodly volume about Fléchier (1). The subject is an attractive one; for if Fléchier was not quite so great an orator as Bossuet, he was a much more respectable man, and if he was not quite such a saint as Massillon, he had an agreeable mixture of profane as well as of sacred virtues. Nor was Massillon himself more free from the fatal vice of assentation—of connivance at, if not approval of, the vices of the great and powerful which has always been the chief blot on the character of Court ecclesiastics, and from which the Eagle of Meaux was, unfortunately, by no means free. Fléchier, as his most amusing youthful work, *Les grands jours d'Auvergne* (one of the most interesting and early examples of social portraiture in the modern style), shows, was a man of very varied endowments; and even in his graver and later days he seems to have had a tolerably sharp tongue on occasion. But his diocesan work was exemplary, and his sermons are often noble and striking. In this book the Abbé Favre has followed him through his preaching period with an almost superfluous care and fulness of detail, extracting and criticizing the words of contemporaries and later writers in the most exhaustive manner. It might, perhaps, have been better to deal with the whole subject in a rather more compressed fashion. But the fault is, after all, not an unpardonable fault.

The *réclame* issued with Count d'Hérissou's (2) *Chinese Journal*

(1) *Fléchier orateur*. Par l'Abbé A. Favre. Paris: Perrin.

(2) *Journal d'un interprète en Chine*. Par le Comte d'Hérissou. Paris: Ollendorff.

assures us that it is "destined to excite many tempests" on this side of the Channel. We can only say that, if it does, Englishmen must be much more thin-skinned folk than they used to be. We have not heard that members of the Squadron shed tears of rage when M. d'Hérissou described Sir John Burgoyne as overwhelmed with alarm at a capful of wind on board his own yacht in the Channel. English soldiers and diplomatists will not be much more moved at the renewed charge against Lord Elgin of having played the old game of red and white treaties to the disadvantage of France. It is to be noted that M. d'Hérissou (with that admirable knowledge of history and of the affairs of other countries which distinguishes his countrymen) supposes the diplomatist who signed the Treaty of Tientsin to be the Lord Elgin of the Marbles. Anglophobia and ignorance apart (apart, also, his own grievances, which are considerable, as before), M. d'Hérissou is a lively writer, and he will probably find plenty of amused, if not exactly sympathetic, readers in the foggy country of *hommes roués* (all Englishmen are *roués* according to this careful observer), of treachery, and of five meals a day. By the way, the Count thinks that "l'esprit militaire a péri en France."

The useful and interesting series of studies on the actresses of the eighteenth century, which will probably preserve M. Edmond de Goncourt's name when his novels have been long forgotten, continues to appear in a cheaper, if a less luxurious, form in the *Bibliothèque Charpentier*. The present issue is *Madame Saint-Huberty* (3).

We can once more recommend to those who have access to it the Christmas number or *étrennes* of the useful *Bibliographie de la France*. French booksellers are rather behind us in general book advertising; but this annual collection of advertisements, specimen pages, and so forth of the chief publications, great and small, of the French winter book season is in advance of anything to be found in England.

We have before us three novels which are all remarkable. It has been said before here, and we have not the least hesitation in repeating it, that M. André Theuriet has nearly, if not quite, the greatest claims of any living novelist of France on the critic of novels. In *Pêché mortel* (4) he has unfortunately tried to beat the naturalists on their own ground by introducing a thread of illegitimate interest. The young man who is introduced into the society of a young wife and a *mari benêt*, is too stale a theme for such an artist as M. Theuriet; and it is a pity that he has condescended to it. The story, which is told with real pathos, is blended with a kind of reminiscence of Restif de la Bretonne's catastrophe between his improper affection for the "Céleste Colette" and his possibilities of honest establishment with her sister; but that the average reader will not remark. The book is excellently written and engineered. As for M. Henri Rabusson, he has made in *L'aventure de Mlle. de Saint-Alais* (5) another long stride towards obtaining and bettering the position of M. Feuillet. Like M. Paul Bourget, he has taken the situation which the grafting of ante-nuptial flirtation on old French habits has produced; but, unlike M. Paul Bourget, he is on the side of the angels. His libertine Duc de Trièves, who endeavours to make profit of the likings of a girl of position and family but no fortune, deserves a thrashing, and gets it—without any precedent *solatium*. The book makes it certain that the terribly reduced band of good French novelists who hold neither of Holywell Street nor of the Religious Tract Society has received a valuable recruit. As for *Une de ces dames* (6), it has a certain adventurous interest, inasmuch as it presents itself as the work of a young soldier killed in Tonquin. Sergeant Bobillot had got into the wrong way in literature, and it may be doubted whether he would ever have got out of it, but he had some literary faculty. *Felix opportunitate mortis* is probably the best epitaph for the writer as for the soldier.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MR. WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT'S *Ideas about India* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), a reprint of essays from the *Fortnightly Review*, is introduced by a characteristic preface that somewhat modifies the cheerless pessimism of the writer's original impressions. Mr. Blunt's view of the future of India is more hopeful, and it is something to be assured, on such excellent authority, that "we shall see no more Indian Secretaries of the Kimberley type." Apart from this, there is nothing in the book that shows any departure from Mr. Blunt's confession, made in 1879:—"I believe the natives capable of governing themselves far better than we can do it, and at about a tenth part of the expense." And, again, he repeats with emphatic approval Mr. Gladstone's remark:—"Our title to being in India depends on a first condition that our being there is profitable to the Indian nations; and on a second condition, that we can make them see and understand it to be profitable"—a view that would be less purely sentimental if there were any "Indian nations" to consult, but which, as it happens, has no more constitutional basis than Mr. Parnell's wild talk about the Irish nation. Here is the key-note to Mr. Blunt's book. The real of the reformer seems to have extinguished the Ulysses-like aspira-

(3) *Madame Saint-Huberty*. Par E. de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Pêché mortel*. Par André Theuriet. Paris: Lemerre.

(5) *L'aventure de Mlle. de Saint-Alais*. Par Henri Rabusson. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(6) *Une de ces dames*. Par le Sergent Bobillot. Paris: Ollendorff.

tions of the tourist; and though Mr. Blunt gained the confidence of Lord Ripon, Mr. Grant Duff, and Sir Alfred Lyall, he appears more careful to insist on the fact that the official world in India is at enmity with him than to preserve the impartiality of a dispassionate inquirer. In the essay on the Native States he accused the Calcutta Foreign Office of a policy of aggression in terms that provoked a protest from Sir Alfred Lyall, no unfriendly critic. The protest appears in a note, though the accusations are retained (pp. 135-137) in the text. There is enough that is thoughtful and valuable in Mr. Blunt's book to make us regret that in its warmth of tone it frequently suggests the partisan; its spirit may be well anticipated from the sensational headings of Chapters I., II., and III., and the absurd misquotation of Shelley (Chapter V.).

Mr. Theodore Wood's *Nature and her Servants* (S.P.C.K.) is a praiseworthy attempt to render the study of natural history intelligible and attractive to young people. The attempt, so far as it discards the use of scientific terms, is not new, though there is considerable novelty in the author's method, and a good deal that is refreshing in his handling of the subject. The demonstrations of the structural affinities in animals and birds, reptiles and fishes, are admirably clear and exact, wholly free from the technology that can only confuse children with its unmeaning and barbarous terms. Mr. Wood's style is that of the lecture-room; aided by some excellent woodcuts, he addresses himself to the individual child in a manner that invites confidence, and treats of the subject under discussion in so friendly and painstaking a spirit that every little boy or girl feels at once at home with the teacher.

Not one, but many, sections of the reading public should be interested in a new edition of *James Nasmyth, Engineer: an Autobiography* (Murray), edited by Dr. Samuel Smiles. Science, irradiated by humanity, graced by humour and fancy, allied to literary skill of no slight order, is presented in the most attractive lineaments in this delightful book, of which it is hard to say whether the profit or the pleasure derived from it is the greater gain to the reader.

There is more merit in the scheme than in the execution of Dr. Morell's *Biographical History of English Literature* (W. & R. Chambers), of which a revised and corrected edition is before us. The synoptical method of the compiler is undoubtedly well adapted for the use of elementary schools, though the illustrations are not always relevant or of literary value. Far too much space is devoted to English poetry, which, notwithstanding, forms the less critical portion of Dr. Morell's exposition. It is, for instance, absolutely misleading to the young student to compare Byron's description of London in *Don Juan* with Wordsworth's sonnet written on Westminster Bridge, without warning the youthful inquirer of the deliberate burlesque intention of the former poet. Ignoring the source of Byron's quotation, Dr. Morell informs the schoolboy that the poet's "gnawing and impatient hatred intrudes itself even into his description of outward objects"—an assumption as false as it is uncritical.

Among the prophets of evil who have lately undertaken to show what will be the consequences if the country goes wrong in this election, the author of *A Radical Nightmare: or, England Forty Years Hence* (Field & Tuer) must be allowed the praise of having hit upon a happy title. If the politicians he dislikes do indeed win, the result is very likely to be a nightmare, and a waking one. His nightmare, however, is suffered in the proper way. One Lord Carlton falls asleep in Paris, and there dreams of sleeping for forty years, and waking to find another world. France will have as good as vanished under the combined influence of vice and a German conquest. England will be in a lamentable state with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at the head of affairs. There is one gleam of light which rather spoils the effect of the skit. Mr. Bright—it is he who is meant by the peace-at-all-price Mr. Dull, we suppose—is to be killed at the head of a regiment in South Africa. Now this is in itself so comic a prospect that it would be enough to make any nightmare quite gay.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Our great need is additional support to the General Fund, which supports the homes and the boarded-out children.

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In addition to this, the Society has caused to be "raised locally"—i.e. by aided parishes themselves, to meet or supplement A.C.S. grants—the further sum of £1,024,937.

The total amount therefore raised through the agency of the Society during the last forty-eight years, for the support of the increased staff of Clergy, is £2,019,708.

PRESENT WORK.

For the present year, 1885-6, the Committee have voted the sum of £47,635 to 639 parishes, towards the maintenance, wholly or in part, of 717 Curates, who are working amongst an aggregate population of nearly 6,000,000.

SPECIAL APPEAL TO THE LAITY.

The Committee would draw especial attention to the claim of the Society to larger benefactions from the laity. The beneficed Clergy pay the whole stipends of about 3,500 Curates, while the stipends of those working under grants are largely made up from Clerical sources. An urgent appeal is therefore made to the wealthy laity, to landowners, merchants, and manufacturers, to all, indeed, who having been entrusted with abundance of this world's goods are responsible for the use of it as stewards of God's bounty, and can use it for no nobler end than the abatement of that plague of ignorance and ungodliness which dishonours His Name in our land and threatens our welfare as a Church and as a Nation.

Contributions will be thankfully received at the Society's Office, Arundel House, Thames Embankment, London, W.C.

Cheques and Post Office and Postal Orders should be crossed Messrs. COURTIS.

JOHN GEORGE DEED, M.A., Secretary.

Antwerp International Exhibition, 1885.

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His Grace the ARCHBISHOP of YORK.

President—The Right Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LONDON.**Chairman**—The Very Rev. the DEAN of WESTMINSTER.**Deputy Chairman**—ROBERT FEW, Esq.**Physician**—Dr. STONE.**FINANCIAL INFORMATION, JUNE 1, 1885:**

Total Funds	£8,272,576
Total Annual Income	£354,686
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,524,560
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus ...	£437,847

NO AGENTS EMPLOYED AND NO COMMISSION PAID.

Attention is particularly requested to the following points respecting this Society, as being of special importance to Clergymen and their Lay relatives desiring to assure their lives:—

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2.—MORTALITY.

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3.—BONUS.

This Society being purely MUTUAL has no Proprietors, and consequently all the Profits are divided amongst the Assured Members. The ELEVENTH QUINQUENNIAL BONUS will be declared on June 1, 1886, when results equally favourable with those of past Quinquenniums may confidently be anticipated.

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MATTHEW HODGSON, Secretary.

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Income for the year 1884	454,633
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Reversionary Bonuses hitherto allotted	6,380,537

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SPECIAL FEATURES FOR 1886.

With the charming CHRISTMAS NUMBER, December 1885, commences the NEW VOLUME, and the Publishers respectfully invite attention to some of the leading attractions for the New Year, detailed in the following:—

A NEW EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The Publishers have concluded an arrangement with Mr. W. D. Howells by which all the new writings of that author—his novels, short stories, descriptive sketches, and dramatic pieces—will be exclusively at their disposal from the beginning of 1886. Mr. Howells is also to contribute monthly to "Harper's Magazine," beginning with the January Number, an editorial department having a relation to literature corresponding to that which the "Editor's Easy Chair" has to society. The new department will be styled the "Editor's Study."

SERIAL FICTION.

The two novels now in course of publication—Miss Woolson's "East Angels," and Mr. Howells' "Indian Summer"—will take the foremost place in current serial fiction. These will run through several numbers, and, upon their completion, will be followed by stories from Mrs. Dinah Maria Craik, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone." The scene of Mr. Blackmore's new novel, "Springhaven," which will be successively illustrated by Alfred Parsons and Frederick Barnard, will be laid in a rural district of England during the time of the Napoleonic wars. Mrs. Craik's novel will be entitled "King Arthur; not a Love Story."

A NOVEL SERIES.

The great literary event of the year will be the publication of a series of papers, taking the shape of a story, and depicting characteristic features of American Society, written by Charles Dudley Warner, and illustrated by C. S. Reinhart.

GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

The series of papers on "Great American Industries" will be continued, under the general charge of Mr. R. B. Bowker. They will comprise "A Lamp of Oil," Sugar, Paper, Cotton, Wool, Iron, and other staple products, each artistically illustrated.

PAPERS ON ART SUBJECTS.

In a Series of Illustrated Papers, the result of a recent extended tour of observation, Mr. Russell Sturgis will consider several of the important cities of Europe with reference to the most notable and significant art treasures peculiar to each, and especially claiming the attention of all thoughtful readers and lovers of art. Among other richly illustrated articles on art subjects to appear during the year may be mentioned, "The New Gallery of Tapestries in Florence," "The Art Movement in New York," "The Art Movement in New York," by George Parsons Lathrop; an interesting article on "Our Artist Contributors," by W. M. Laidlaw; and contributions by Dr. Charles Waldstein.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Paper on Orchids, by F. W. Burbidge, F.L.S., beautifully illustrated by William Hamilton Gibson and Alfred Parsons. Mr. F. Satterthwaite will contribute a paper entitled "Pheasant and Aristocratic Pigeons" illustrated by Gibson; Hugh Deland on "Dogs and their Management," and Dr. W. T. Greene another on "The Keeping of Birds," beautifully illustrated by A. F. Lydon. Other studies in Natural History will be illustrated by James C. Beard.

SEVERAL OTHER INTERESTING FEATURES,

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

Mr. E. A. Abbey will continue his series of illustrations for "The Scoops to Conquer;" Mr. Alfred Parsons will supply "Sketches of the Arvon;" illustrated papers will appear on "The Navies of Europe," by Sir Edward Reed; Madame Adlam will contribute personal recollections of her salon in Paris; &c.

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